

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## WHY THE RAIN CAME DOWN

See  
Page  
Two

### DADDY

#### GRAHAMSTOWN LOSES AN OLD FRIEND

The Actor Who was Not Sad  
to Pass On

#### A BEAUTIFUL WILL

Boys and girls in Grahamstown are feeling the loss of a dear and familiar figure. He was Mr. Charles Fabert, generally known as Daddy.

Daddy was 68 years old when he died, but although age touched his body his mind was fresh and vital, like a young man's.

He was the friend of all Grahams-town, young and old. His cheery smile was like sunshine. When you had met him and had a few words and his shake of the hand, you felt somehow that the world was a good, warm place.

He believed in the gospel of charity, which thinketh no evil, suffereth long, and is kind; and his personality showed the effect of a life-long practice of his gospel. The plainest, dullest person becomes lovable in giving out love to others. Daddy was neither plain nor dull; he was very clever and engaging, and therefore the people who knew him were apt to call him thrice blest.

#### An Actor of the Old School

By profession Mr. Fabert was an actor—an actor of the old school. He was born in Liverpool in 1856. In his youth he was a clever amateur actor. When he became a member of the professional stage he moved on to London and acted under the management of famous men like Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and joined the Carl Rosa company.

The young actor's engagements presently took him touring round the world. He played in Australia and New Zealand, and in 1895 landed in South Africa. Five years later the company he was working with arrived in Grahamstown, and there, after some time, he decided to settle down to the great work of his life.

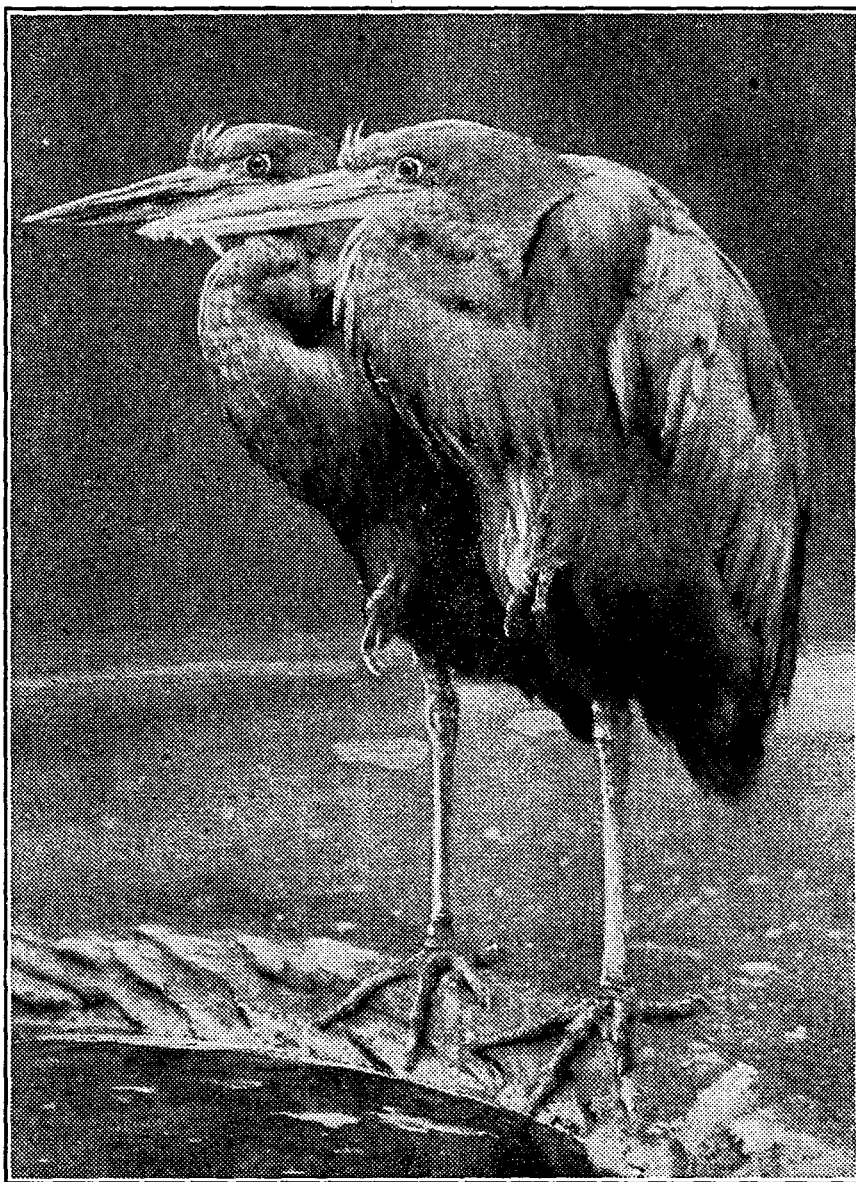
#### The Best of All Plays

From the first he took a most active interest in any stage work in Grahams-town, and the distinction which this South African city has won in play production is largely due to Mr. Fabert's enthusiasm and management. He became a well-known and gifted teacher of the art of acting, from simple reciting up to advanced and technical work, and as a manager he produced at least fifty plays in Grahamstown.

Few men have been more beloved in their generation than Daddy. His own life was the best essay he ever recited, the best play he produced. The kind of will he left is not only the testament of his last wishes, but is characteristic of his whole life.

Why should anyone be sad? (wrote Grahamstown's Daddy about his own death). There is nothing terrible in death;

### The Herons Hold a Reception



With the advent of the summer the London Zoo always becomes one of the most popular of show places, and some of the animals and birds appear to exhibit quite an interest in their visitors. These giant herons, standing quaintly on one leg, are holding a reception in quite the approved style of etiquette.

indeed, there is something delightful in its serenity, silence, and restfulness. It is as natural to die as to be born, and the beauty and splendour of one's passing away is greater than the mystery of one's birth. Death is the biggest adventure of Life.

I have enjoyed my life on Earth—few men more so. I carry with me the sweetest recollections of the love and kindness of all I have ever met. If success in life is to be measured in terms of personal happiness, as I think it ought to be, then no man ever had a more successful life than mine.

Please don't erect a costly tombstone. A simple wooden cross will be sufficient to mark where I lie; the word Daddy will supply the only elegy and epitaph I wish.

"Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven—the birthplace of children's laughter," Daddy added as he wound up his last will and testament, and then he bade his last farewell in these five words: "A sweet Good-night to all."

Does it not bring to mind those familiar lines of Mr. Henley, who wished

that he might leave the Earth singing:  
So be my passing!

My task accomplished and the long day done,

My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing.

#### A MAN DROPS A PIN

When the new Academy of Sciences was opened in Washington a pin was dropped and the sound was broadcast so that a great host of people heard it.

It was not so remarkable that the sound of a pin-drop should be broadcast as that it should have been heard all over the large lecture-theatre where the inaugural address was delivered by Dr. Dunn. But this theatre had been built with specially designed walls of artificial stone, so that there was no echo or blur of sounds, and, the speaker having asked for silence and let the pin fall, the sound was heard by all the audience within the building as well as by the invisible audience outside.

### BOY IN A SAFE

How He Walked In and  
How He Came Out

#### A BLACKPOOL ADVENTURE

William Waring, who is seventeen, and lives in Blackpool, has lately had an experience he will not easily forget.

One Sunday morning he was busy with a few other people in a half-built bank in Clifton street. On the ground floor of the building is the bank strong room, which is really a gigantic safe, 12 feet by 8, and 15 feet high. Like most strong rooms, the safe has two doors—or rather an outer door and an inner barred gate.

The door and the gate were both open, and it happened that Waring had to go into the safe for something. There is always a fascination in the smooth, sleek way the massive outer door of a strong room swings to, fascination in the mystery of the lock. He walked in, there was a soft click, and all too late, the lad realised that the gate was locked, and had become part of the iron fortress bars.

#### Inside the Cage

Good indeed it was for Waring that he was not alone in the half-built bank! Presently his friends came along and spied him in the cage. At first it was a fine joke, but after a time William began to wish someone would open the gate. Various men came on the scene, but, of course, the only person who could free Waring was a man who had the keys of the patent locks. The lad had shut himself in at 11.30, and while various devices to free him were being tried, the afternoon wore away.

In the early evening telephone lines began to hum on Waring's behalf. The works of the safe firm are at Bolton, and the managing director lives in Cheshire. He came out at once, by car with another director, to Bolton, got the keys, and set off by car to Blackpool.

#### Fed Through the Bars

The prisoner was not having a very happy time, although he kept up his cheerful expression. Sandwiches were pushed through the bars, and he was given tea from a long-necked bottle. As the dusk crept on Waring began to feel rather strange. A police officer was told off to patrol the bank premises, and his friends brought him some supper. Candles were lighted when the darkness of the night fell. At half-past twelve the directors' car arrived, and keys were produced. Then it appeared that one of the two patent locks answered to its key, and the other refused. Something had not been properly adjusted.

In the end, chisels, crowbars, and hammers were brought to the strong room, and after about two hours the iron gate holding by one lock was forced open. At half-past two on Monday morning Waring walked out, having spent fifteen hours in the safe.



## ORDER OR MOB RULE

### A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED

#### Collective Bargaining and What it Means

#### A SOUND IDEA IN DANGER

The unhappy strike which brought confusion on London traffic at Whitsuntide has led to a dramatic declaration by a Trade Union leader.

It is of the highest importance that the great institutions which have been built up for the well-being of all classes should be conducted in a spirit of general goodwill, and nothing could be more deplorable than for society to lose faith in the stability and steadiness of the Trade Union movement. The leader of the National Union of Railwaymen, in condemning a strike organised unofficially by a number of discontented men, declares that such a fight is between order and mob law. The C.N. has pointed out again and again that one of the gravest dangers of our time is this mob law.

#### Of Interest to All

For generations Trade Unions have been gradually gaining all the points for which they have been contending; yet, just when it seemed that the movement had reached its goal, it is being attacked by those who should be its best friends.

Here we are about to try to say what the objects of the Trade Unions are; how far they have been gained; and what new difficulties are threatening the movement. We do this because Trade Unions are of practical interest to everybody.

The Trade Union movement began to enable bodies of workmen to sell their labour on better terms than each man could hope to get if he bargained individually. Primarily there were more workers than the work needed, and the effect of individual bargaining was that competing workers ran down the rate of wages against each other. Thoughtful men soon saw that it was better for both sides, men and employers too, to act unitedly in the interests of all, just as if one man were bargaining with one man.

#### Trade Unions and the Worker

That is the stage at which Trade Unionism has arrived in many British industries. Workers and employers form friendly opposing bodies, intent on finding reasonable conditions applicable to all. This system, which has reached gradually nearer completeness, has proved successful in avoiding many strikes that would have brought loss to everybody and gain to nobody.

But for its continuance one condition is absolutely needed—the condition that when an agreement is made each party to it shall faithfully honour the bargain both have made. Without that fidelity no sound business can be done. A signed agreement should be not a dishonoured scrap of paper but honoured as a sacred covenant.

#### A Return to Anarchy

The latest change that has come over the Trade Union movement is by far more damaging than any opposition from without the movement could be. It is a movement inside Trade Unionism for throwing over collective bargaining. It claims a right for any knot of discontented men to break away from the agreement. It breaks up the whole conception of united action. It rejects order and introduces anarchy.

That is what the railwaymen's leader means when he says that the question has become one of order or mob rule. It is one of the most serious issues that can be raised, and it affects us all. It was because Germany broke her word that the Great War came; it is because some men break the word of their unions that so many unnecessary strikes take place.

## WHY IT RAINED

### MYSTERY OF THE MISSING ICEBERGS

#### Oldest Colony of the Empire and the Empire Exhibition

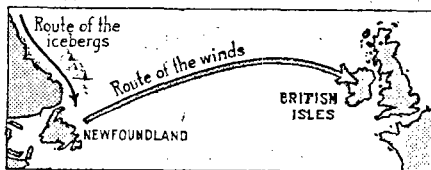
#### WARM AIR FROM THE GRAND BANKS

No wonder it rained—no wonder England had a wet May and weeks of rain in June. Something has gone wrong with the icebergs of the North Atlantic, where the rain-bearing anti-cyclones are formed.

It is not a little strange to think that there should be a clear connection between icebergs in the Atlantic and umbrellas in Regent Street; but it seems that the spoiling of our summer, and the spoiling of Wembley, has much to do with the ice of the North Atlantic; that is to say, the rain that is here is believed to be largely due to the icebergs that are not there.

Off Newfoundland are the Grand Banks, which is the name given to a sort of shelf in the Atlantic.

Here is formed something like a cold water reservoir in the Atlantic, and round about it, as the air cools, are



How the winds from Newfoundland make the weather of the British Isles

formed air currents which determine in one way or another the kind of early summer which western Europe receives.

Ordinarily at this time of year the temperature of this great shallow reservoir is about freezing point or a little below it; and it is full of icebergs. The average number of icebergs in April, May, and June is about 350. This year in April there were only 70; in May and June not one was seen.

#### The Icebergs Melt Away

One of the reasons for their absence was that they must all have melted, for the Grand Banks region, instead of being at freezing point, was at a temperature of 38 degrees Fahrenheit, at least seven degrees above the normal.

Most likely this will not continue to affect our weather or the weather of western Europe very long; but it must make it odd and unexpected for a month or two.

Metéorologists think that when the warm Newfoundland Banks effect—producing so much rain in the British Isles—has worn off, there will be a short late period of very hot weather.

Last year was the opposite of this year's conditions; many icebergs, a dry English spring, a cool and wet summer.

We are glad to have some explanation of the great weather mystery, but it seems to us a profound pity that Newfoundland should have been spoiling Wembley—that the oldest Colony of the Empire, by not keeping in stock her regular supply of icebergs, should cause all our weather trouble in this Empire Year.

## BUOY'S LONG VOYAGE

### From America to Australia

A light buoy which broke away from its moorings in South America five years ago has travelled nearly ten thousand miles to Australia.

The Director-General of Navigation in New South Wales reported that the buoy broke adrift in 1919 and, assuming that it followed the shortest route, it must have drifted between four and five miles a day. The buoy must have received severe buffeting, but is intact and in very good condition.

## CLEANING UP LONDON

### FORTY YEARS OF DIRT ON THE LAW COURTS

#### Coronation Chair and Henry the Seventh's Gates

#### A LATE SPRING CLEAN

The huge central hall of the Law Courts is being cleaned down, and the workmen are making it plain that it is high time it was done. The part they have cleaned up shows very clearly, and we can see how much dirt has accumulated there during 42 years.

This is no ordinary spring clean. The hall is 230 feet long and 47 feet wide, and the walls are about 80 feet high. It will take many months to wash, and if the workmen do not look out there will be the sort of high-water mark that so unkindly betrays our finest efforts to be clean without taking our collars off.

The joy of housework to the true housewife is that there is something to show for labour done. This same satisfaction is being felt in several places in London. The Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey has been spring cleaned, and now all sorts of interesting bits of gold and colour are peeping out, also the initials and marks made by mischievous choristers whose pranks and laughter, songs and sorrows, have long, long, been forgotten. One of these imps slept all night in the royal chair. Peace to his bones!

#### An Amusing Walk Round London

The gates of Henry the Seventh's chapel are also being cleaned, and all sorts of other interesting things. There is always someone cleaning the dome of St. Paul's. In fact, one could take quite an amusing walk round London just now, looking for high-water marks.

It would be pleasant to end up at the home of the C.N., where, as we write, swinging platforms disguise the building lines, and mysterious swishes and squirts are always being heard, and there are so many ropes dangling in front of the Editor's window that they seem like the sheets of a boat; one ought to hear the rattle of spars and see a great red sail come flopping down.

## DISCOVERY OF A VITAMINE

### Shall We Make Them?

Dr. Eddy, a professor of biology, has done what psychologists have been trying to do for twelve years or more; he has analysed a vitamine. All the foods on which we live have in them a mysterious ingredient, very small, very obscure, which nevertheless has a powerful influence on our digestions. It stirs them up; it enables them to split up the food and begin the process of turning it into blood. The vitamine is, in fact, the self-starter of our stomachs.

That has been known and believed about vitamins, of which there are four or five, for twelve years; but not since the first was discovered in London has anybody been able to say what a vitamine was, because no one could split it out of the animal or vegetable matter, the rice, the meat, the milk, the wheat, in which it lives.

It is now believed that Professor Walter Eddy, of Columbia University, has found and isolated a vitamine.

The American Chemical Society says it is crystalline in formation, has a melting point of 233 degrees Centigrade, and is composed of 43 per cent of carbon, 8 per cent of hydrogen, 25 per cent of nitrogen, and 24 per cent of oxygen.

Now that the vitamine has yielded up its secret, we may be a step nearer to understanding why it is so indispensable an ingredient of food; and the next step after that will be to make artificial vitamins. That will be a long way on the road to making artificial food.

## THE EMPIRE AND ITS TREATIES

### How the Dominions Stand

#### CANADA RAISES A VITAL QUESTION

The question of the constitutional relations between the British Dominions and the Mother Country has been reopened by an unfortunate misunderstanding over the Treaty of Lausanne.

Hitherto a treaty had to be negotiated by the British Government for the whole Empire; now the Dominions are asking to be consulted and to be invited to take part in the negotiations.

The Lausanne Treaty, negotiated with Turkey by the Allies last autumn, puts certain obligations upon the British Empire in regard to the maintenance of the neutrality of the Dardanelles.

According to present custom, a treaty putting obligations on the Dominions requires to be ratified in due course by the Dominion Parliaments.

The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. King, has decided, however, not to submit the Lausanne Treaty to his Parliament, on the ground that Canada had no part in negotiating it. This means that Canada refuses all responsibility for carrying out its provisions. Other Dominions may follow suit.

#### A Difficult Situation

Each of the Dominions was represented at the Paris Conference after the war, and signed the Treaty of Versailles, and it was understood that since then any Dominion wishing to be represented in negotiations with foreign countries by which it would be bound had a right to share in them.

It was known, of course, that the Dominions were not represented at Lausanne, but it was supposed that they were left out with their own consent, and had agreed to be represented by the British Government.

It now turns out that the Home Government not only gave them no invitation, but intimated that it had been decided their attendance was unnecessary.

People at home are naturally much troubled about it, because no one wants to put a slight on the very proper pride of the Dominions in their equal partnership in the Empire. But it is felt at the same time that it is not practicable for one part of the Empire to be outside a treaty of this kind while the rest are inside. Besides, the inconvenience to the Commonwealth, foreign countries would object.

It is clear that the whole question will have to be gone into.

## THE STONE AGE TAILOR

### Explorer's Discovery in Arabia

It is curious to know that there are still unexplored portions of the Earth's surface as near home as Arabia. Captain R. E. Cheesman, who was with Sir Percy Cox at Bagdad, has been exploring in the desert to the west of Mecca, and has located the oasis of Jabrin, which geographers could not fix.

The people there are believed to be survivors of the race inhabiting Arabia before the Arabs came, and both their domestic arrangements and their clothing are of the simple kind fashionable long ages ago. Their tailors are still in the Stone Age. They live largely by pillage, but were friendly enough to their visitor, who stayed six days.

Captain Cheesman also discovered the ruined remains of an ancient Phoenician port, Jerra, at the head of one of the oldest desert trade routes, fixed in the second century by the astronomer and geographer Ptolemy, but lost ever since.



## DUMB MAN AT THE TELEPHONE

### ANOTHER WONDER OF WIRELESS

Remarkable Things that are Being Done with Light

### SEEING AT A DISTANCE

Still another wonder has been added to the achievements of wireless.

A man in Washington has talked by telephone to a man in another room, and has seen the man he was talking to, though thick walls separated them.

"I had the extraordinary and positively uncanny experience," says Mr. Norman McLond, "of talking face to face with a man who was actually in a room at another end of the building. His voice came to me over the radio-telephone, but for a few seconds I saw him in life-size and full detail on the white wall in front of me."

### A Unique Experiment

This feat was made possible by a new invention of Mr. C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, who has developed a system of radio vision. No camera is used, but the apparatus is a kind of super-telescope. It is still in the experimental stage, but is sufficiently advanced for a unique experiment.

A deaf and dumb man in Boston is to hold a conversation with another deaf mute in Washington by means of the finger alphabet, and thus the deaf and dumb will be given the use of the telephone for the first time.

Mr. Jenkins is well known in America as an inventor. He was one of the pioneers of the cinematograph, and he also had much to do with the invention of the spiral paper container for liquids, which played such a large part in food-packing during the war.

### The Pencil of Light

This new invention, however, is his greatest achievement. It is too complicated to explain in detail, but it may be said that a pencil ray of light passes through rotating glass discs of graduated thickness, which bend the rays and cause them to oscillate. The oscillating rays ultimately cover the picture to be transmitted, and the various rays are now transformed into wireless waves of corresponding variation. The wireless impulses thus transmitted are refashioned into light waves by a machine, and these are thrown upon a screen.

This device is a great advance on anything previously done, but it has long been possible to send pictures by wire, and it is believed that the method which has made this possible will enable pictures to be sent out by wireless and picked up by receivers.

Diagrams and rough pictures have on several occasions been sent over the wire. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, by the adoption of a device mentioned some months ago in the C.N., have succeeded in despatching from Cleveland to New York photographs of a bridge over the Cuyahoga River with a tug steaming beneath it; a photograph of the Public Square in Cleveland with people in it; and, of course, a portrait of President Coolidge.

### A Revolving Fan

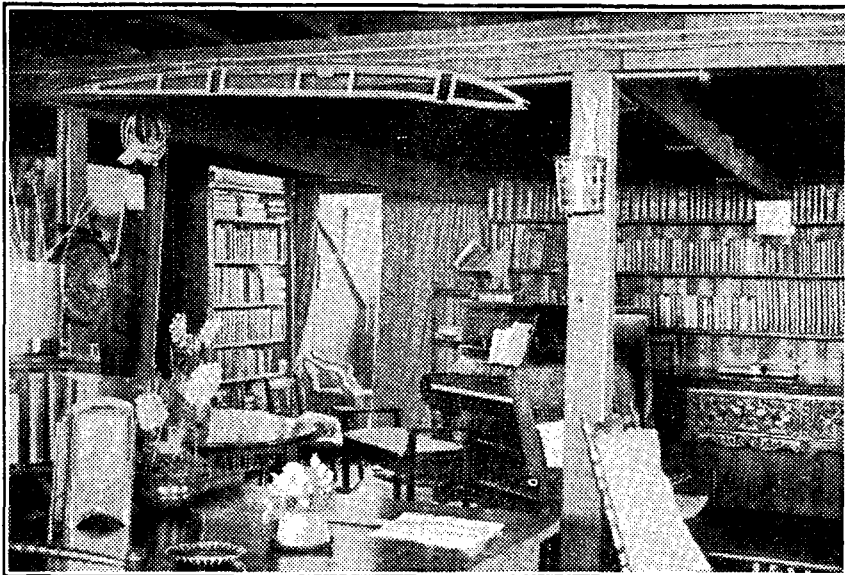
Briefly described, the way of obtaining the transmitted photograph is to place a kind of revolving fan between the object photographed and a sensitive plate on which the light will fall.

The revolutions of the fan interrupt the light from the object and cause it to fall in a series of pulsations on the receptive plate. The plate is in its turn connected with a photo-electric cell (in place of the old selenium cell), which causes variations of current with variations of light. These electric current variations are transmitted over the wire and repeated 300 miles away at the other end. It is possible that we may some day see as well as hear what 2 L.O. sends us.

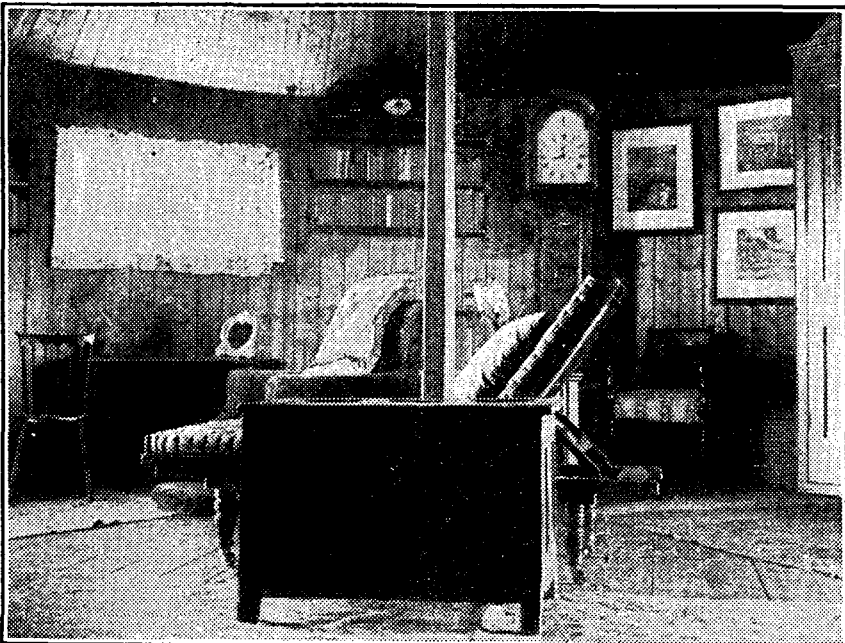
## LIVING IN A WINDMILL



The old mill converted into a house



The granary as a sitting-room



A circular chamber turned into a rest room

The house shortage has led to the conversion of strange places into dwellings, and this picture shows the Old Duncton Mill on the South Downs, near Hassocks, in Sussex, which has been turned into a very comfortable and roomy home by a naval officer's widow

## A NEW TABLET IN OLD WESTMINSTER

### WENCESLAUS HOLLAR

Artist Who Pictured London Long Ago

### RECOGNISED AT LAST

A tablet is to be put up to Wenceslaus Hollar, who died in 1677 and was buried in St. Margaret's church, Westminster.

Better late than never, says the old proverb. Better remember Hollar some 240 years too late than not remember him at all, say a number of people. But a greater number still are saying, "Who was this man, anyway?"

Wenceslaus Hollar was born at Prague in 1607, and when he was about thirty was brought to England by the Earl of Arundel, who was a great traveller and collector of works of art. Hollar was an artist who loved outlines more than colour. He became a very fine engraver and etcher. Above all, he delighted in the lines of houses and churches.

The name of Hollar comes curiously in and out of the history of seventeenth-century England. This artist was a person of many parts, and, like most men of his time, could swing a sword as well as any. When the Stuart troubles swept over the land he joined the Royalist army and was taken prisoner. The next we hear he is living at Antwerp.

### The Fire of London

In 1652 he returned to London and settled down to the work he really loved, which was drawing. The buildings of Old London attracted him powerfully. He was a mixture of German "pains-takingness" and the swiftness that comes from great gifts, if not genius. He got through an enormous amount of work, not knowing—nor, indeed, could his patrons know—the enormous historic as well as artistic value that his etchings would presently have.

It was during this time, while he was making drawings in the City, that he lodged near St. Clement's Inn, Strand.

A few years later Old London was swept away in the Great Fire, but thanks to Hollar's drawings, we have a clear picture of what it was like.

So now we know why Englishmen are grateful to this artist from Prague. He did us a service no Englishman did. No one else in his day seemed to have his intense interest in the buildings of Old London, or his wonderful industry.

### A Great Map of the City

From the first people were grateful. Pepys wrote in his diary on November 22, 1666:

"My Lord Brouncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City, with a very pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed; and tells me that Hollar was yesterday sworn the King's servant, and that the King hath commanded him to go on with his great map of the City, which he was upon before the City was burned, . . . which I am glad of."

Hollar's plans and drawings were called in when the question arose of the rebuilding of the City. His drawings have, ever since then, been treasures to lovers of London.

It is very fine to think that at last this great artist, to whom we owe such a debt, is to be publicly recognised. It is better to say Thank you after a man is dead than not at all.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Franz Hals . . .	£32,000
Molière's Works, 1734 . . .	£2350
Four Cape 1d. stamps . . .	£475
Pair of Chinese snuff-boxes . . .	£205
A portrait by Reynolds . . .	£170
Pope's Eclogues in French . . .	£147
Ceylon 4d. stamp, 1857-8 . . .	£48
Letter of General Wolfe . . .	£30

An 1894 edition of The Three Musketeers containing a signature of D'Artagnan and some interesting letters fetched £182.



## THE ROD ON A THREAD

### WONDERFUL THINGS IT DOES

Balance that Might Have Found Tutankhamen's Tomb

### NEW USE OF AN OLD IDEA

A new way of discovering the whereabouts of minerals lying under the ground has just been devised by two experts connected with the South Kensington Science Museum.

The scientists located a valuable lode of mineral ore many feet below the surface in an English mining district by using what is called an Eotvos torsion balance, a very delicate instrument which indicates the slightest differences in the specific gravity of objects that may be close together.

### Discovering a Lode of Mineral

They carried with them a light-proof and water-proof tent, which was erected over the instrument at every observation, for the torsion balance is so nicely poised, and so sensitive, that it is affected by the Sun's radiation, and even under cover it can only be used by night.

The lode was located within a few feet, and at a cost of about one-tenth of the cost of the ordinary methods of the mining engineer.

This was the first test of the Eotvos balance in England, and it was an unqualified success. The inventor of the balance was a Hungarian scientist named Eotvos, and his device has already been used in several other countries for finding oil.

The next development in its use may be the discovery of archaeological remains, buried cities, subterranean chambers, and tombs like Tutankhamen's. These remains, it is declared, will be located quite easily, and an immense amount of time and money will be saved. In the case of Tutankhamen's tomb, for example, laborious digging for sixteen years would have been avoided.

### A Great French Invention

The torsion balance, by which such wonders are performed, is not a new instrument. It was invented in the eighteenth century by Charles de Coulomb, a French physicist, but has been greatly improved. As constructed by Eotvos, it is amazingly sensitive.

It consists of a rod hung at its centre of gravity from a very fine thread of drawn quartz, the rod being turned by the attraction of a body so that the wire is twisted. The angle of torsion (that is, the angle through which the rod is moved) is proportional to the force, and so, by comparing the angle at places where the attraction of the ground varies, an indication is obtained of what lies below the surface. This is the principle on which the instrument is used for locating minerals, cavities, and so on.

### Weighing the Earth

This new method of applying the torsion balance is not the first romantic use to which it has been put, for it was with the aid of Coulomb's device that Henry Cavendish was able to weigh the Earth in 1798. His experiment has been repeated, always with a torsion balance, but Cavendish's result with the earliest instrument was remarkably accurate.

The wisest men of olden times could hardly have thought that, with a tiny rod suspended on a thread, the Earth could be weighed and its contents discovered; yet we have apparently arrived at that wonderful state of things.

## A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN

### How He Died

### HERO OF THE FROZEN WILDERNESS

Dr. Wulff, the botanist who was one of the leaders of the Danish expedition sent on the Thule to the north coast of Greenland to find new plants and map the coast, died in a way recalling the loss of Captain Oates on Captain Scott's last expedition to the South Pole.

He fell ill from the hardships and want of food which the party suffered after crossing the Humboldt Glacier, and knew well that he was about to die. But his one thought was not to hinder his companions in their dash to safety, and the last words he wrote in his diary on the night of his death were: "I am half dead, but found woodsia." Woodsia is a species of small fern which no one expected to find so near the Pole. Then he went on: "Retired to rest at 7 p.m. I will not be a hindrance to the movements of my companions, on which their rescue depends."

He was no hindrance. The rest of the party were rescued, and Professor Ostenfeld, in the memorial volume which has just been published, records that this unselfish botanist found some 70 species of plants in the frozen wilderness.

### QUEER TREE AT KEW

### Better and Better Each Year

A tree curious alike in its appearance and in its history has been flowering in Kew Gardens.

It has flowered there for several years, but grows more luxuriant every year. One tree this year has been remarkable for its many hundreds of blossoms.

Each flower has a pair of large white bracts, or containing leaves, some of them six inches long and six inches wide. They flap in the wind, and remind the irreverent of washing day!

The trees have been grown from seeds brought from China in 1899, and there are specimens in many gardens now. The first tree to blossom in Europe, however, was grown in Paris, the only survivor of 37 seeds sent home in 1897 by a Jesuit missionary. It was discovered in 1869 by another Jesuit, who only sent home dried specimens, however. He was stationed far up country at a place called Moupin, and it was from there that the first seeds came nearly 30 years later.

### TWO CARRS GO OVERLAND IN AN OVERLAND CAR

We told the other day of a great new motor road in Central Africa joining up the train and steamer connections from Cairo to the Cape.

Another very different African motor trip has just been made by Mr. and Mrs. Carr in an Overland (two very appropriate names) from Marandellas, in Southern Rhodesia, to Blantyre, in Nyasaland, across Portuguese East Africa.

The distance is about 250 miles, and it took three weeks! The road was in parts merely a native footpath with high grass on either side. Other parts were in heavy bush, through which the travellers cut their way at the rate of two miles a day. They were ferried across the Zambesi, but forded the other rivers, cutting the approaches out of the banks as they went. The car had already done nearly 30,000 miles, but its only casualties in the whole three weeks were two punctures and a bent front axle. Elephants and other game were met, though it was not an elephant, but a tree stump, that bent the front axle.

Some day a motor road may be built there, but at present the Carrs who went overland in the Overland car are the only travellers to make this journey.

## THE MEN OF THE HEIGHTS

### How They will be Remembered

### WONDERFUL WAR MEMORIAL

A service that must surely rank as unique in the history of Little Treasure Island has just been held in cloud and rain nearly 3000 feet above the sea. It was to dedicate a very wonderful War Memorial, already described in the C.N., the gift to the nation of twelve mountain heights!

That is the way in which the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the Lake District has raised an imperishable monument to 20 of its members who fell in the War. They have purchased and handed over to the National Trust 3000 acres of the most beautiful part of Cumberland, and this mountain estate will be free to Nature lovers for all time.

A bronze tablet has been placed on a rock face at the summit of Great Gable, one of the highest peaks in the area, from which can be seen the most beautiful mountain scenery in the Lake District. A relief map of the estate is given on the tablet, and below it is an inscription with the names of the 20 members of the club in whose memory it is erected.

Here it was that 500 mountain lovers met for a simple dedication service. Practically every mountaineering club in the world was represented, and to this little corner of Lakeland came famous climbers who have trod the Alps and the Rockies and the Himalayas.

It must have been an unforgettable moment to those who stood there. In driving mist and rain a tribute to the dead was pronounced, followed by a hymn and the psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Then the president of the club unveiled the tablet, which was covered with a Union Jack that had flown over a battleship at Jutland.

Then the little crowd made its way down through the clouds, leaving behind "an eternal monument among the everlasting hills."

### EDUCATING A SNAIL

### A Lesson in a Puzzle School

A snail has received an education at one of the Schools of Psychology which investigates the instincts and intelligence of animals.

This snail has been trained by Miss M. P. Mitchell to find its way through what is called a T-maze, a maze in which the snail could continually take one of two paths, one of which is right and the other wrong. It was led along the right path by an electric lamp.

The snail's education began last December, and since then it has made its way along the maze in 102 trials. In the first five trials the average time it took to crawl along the maze was 857 seconds, and it made four errors.

In the last five trials the snail has made the journey in an average of 316 seconds, and it now makes no errors.

Its pace and accuracy have gradually improved, and it seems to be learning and not forgetting. That is to say, its instinct is being educated into intelligence.

### JUBALAND

### A Long Dispute Ended

It is more than three months since we explained in the C.N. what the dispute between Britain and Italy over Jubaland was about. Now we have to record that the dispute has been settled.

During the war it was seen that Britain and France would gain territory in Africa at Germany's expense, and it was agreed that these countries should cede some of their own African territory to Italy in compensation. Jubaland, the part of our Kenya Colony nearest to Italy's Somaliland, is what we are giving to Italy, and a joint commission has just initialled an agreement with regard to the new boundary. See World Map

## THE THING AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL

### Difficulty of Finding Out the Truth

### THE MOST FAMOUS PHRASE OF THE WAR

The saying that truth is found at the bottom of a well is itself true if it is exact truth that is meant.

An illustration has come to light in the case of the most famous phrase produced by the Great War. The whole civilised world was staggered when Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador in Germany in 1914, announced that the German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, had contemptuously cast aside an international Treaty as a mere Scrap of Paper.

Now both Sir Edward Goschen and Bethmann Hollweg have died, and the question has been raised, What were the words actually used in that memorable interview which led to the most terrible war in history?

A French historian is said to have asked Sir Edward Goschen for the exact words used, and to him Sir Edward replied that the conversation was in English and the words were "A scrap of paper." But to this an Englishman replies that Sir Edward told him the conversation was in German, the words being "Ein Stückchen Papier."

### A Fateful Phrase

But, again, the German Chancellor is said to have been asked the question, and he is reported to have said that the words used were "Ein Fetzen Papier."

There is not any difference that matters in the meaning of the three phrases. "Ein Stückchen Papier" is a little piece of paper; and "Ein Fetzen Papier" is a shred of paper. A scrap of paper is the same, but is more expressive in English.

But is it not curious that one of the most fateful phrases ever spoken should remain in doubt, even as to the language in which it was spoken?

Ten years have not passed, but the exactness of words that fired the flames of war, because they expressed the spirit of Germany that made the war, remain open to doubt.

Everyone who seeks to find precise historical truth knows that nothing is more difficult. So far as the C.N. is concerned it is often the most difficult thing in the world to find out the facts.

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF ATHELSTAN

### Where Was it Fought?

In an article on the celebration of the thousandth year since King Athelstan reigned in England, the C.N. said that no one knows where the great battle of Brunanburh took place, though it was spoken of as the Great Battle.

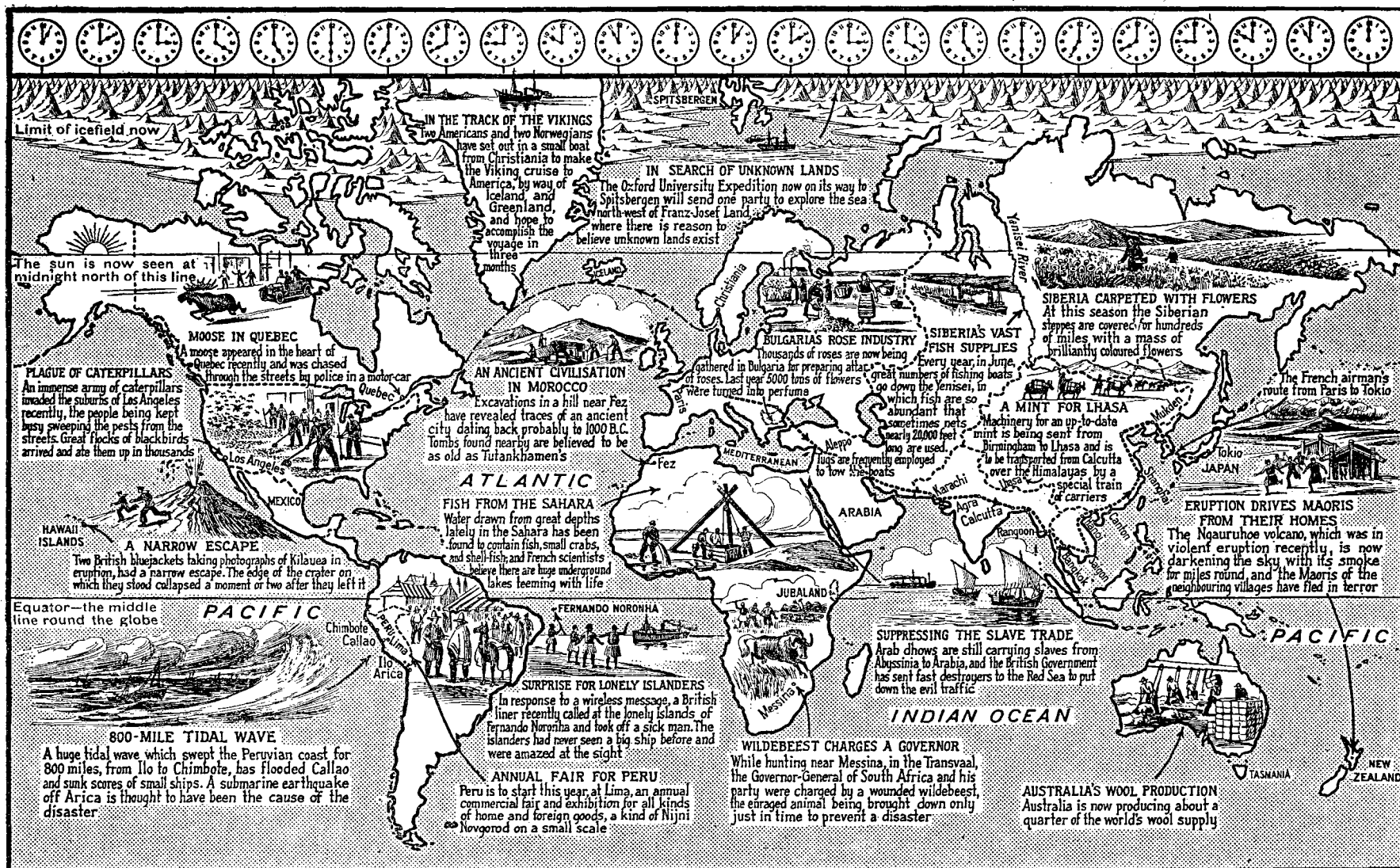
The Rev. Alfred Hunt, M.A., of Welton Vicarage, Lincoln, claims to have discovered the site of the Brunanburh, where the battle was fought. He fixes it at Burnham, in North Lincolnshire, not far from Humbermouth.

Though the invasion which Athelstan repulsed in 937 was by Irishmen, men of Cumberland, Scotland, and Northern England, the old chroniclers are united in saying it reached England by way of the Humber. Mr. Hunt thinks the invaders landed at Barrow Haven, on the Humber, occupied the old earthworks of Barrow Castle close by, and were met by Athelstan in battle about four miles southward, at what is now the hamlet of Burnham, and was called Brune in Domesday Book, Brannum in the Lindsey Survey of 1115, and Brunna in 1189. Here, he thinks, was the real Brunanburh where Athelstan made good his right to the throne.

Mr. Hunt's identification of the site is worthy of studious consideration.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## EL GRECO

## Discovery in a Spanish Village

**By Our Art Correspondent**

There is a little village in the province of Toledo, in Spain, where much talk is taking place that will presently echo in all lands where art is loved.

An altar piece, with five pictures painted by a man with a long name who was known as El Greco (The Greek), has been discovered, and inside the altar is a wooden statue of the Virgin, which is said to be by El Greco, too.

This man, who was born in Crete about 1545, studied in Italy, drifted on to Spain, and then settled in Toledo, is one of the most interesting figures in Spanish art history. There are four pictures by him in the National Gallery. He was always spoken of as sculptor as well as painter, but so far no statuary or carving by him has been discovered. The wooden statue of the Virgin is a beautiful piece of work, and very soon experts will have decided whether it is El Greco's or not.

## A FLASH OF FIRE

## Birds Short-Circuit the Electric Current

A huge flash which caused a temporary breakdown in the electric supply of a cable company at Slough the other day was caused by birds.

After the short-circuit had happened the engineers discovered twigs and blades of grass lying about near the electric terminals, and a search made through the building showed that several birds had built their nests in the timber roof, and had actually interlaced the grass and twigs with odd bits of copper wire, about six inches long, which they had picked up from a scrap-heap in the works. One of these copper wires had dropped from a nest and fallen across the electric supply terminals, so causing the tremendous flash due to short-circuiting the current.

## CHANGES IN FRANCE

## The New Government and the New President

The new Government in France, with a new President, is developing the closest relations with Britain. M. Herriot is the new Prime Minister, as was expected, and General Nollet is the Minister of War. It is hoped that the close touch set up by M. Herriot with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will lead to important steps towards European peace.

As the new French Government refused to work with President Millerand, the President resigned, and M. Doumergue has been elected President in his place. The new President has been President of the French Senate, and is very popular.

The insistence on a change of President caused great surprise outside France. The President of the Republic is elected for seven years, and it is extremely rare for any party to refuse to serve under any President.

PAPAU

## Why We Cannot Have It

The mother of two little readers of the C.N. at Dundee, in Natal, writes to tell us more about the papau, the melon-like fruit which Lord Harris wants to see brought over to England from the West Indies.

The papaw grows luxuriously in the warmer and less exposed parts of South Africa (where it is spelt pawpaw), and is delicious either by itself or in a fruit salad. But it is difficult to pack and bruises easily, and when it is plucked green and ripened in storage it develops a bitter taste, like quinine—all of which accounts for Lord Harris's being unable to get it in England.

## DENMARK'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT

## Woman Minister for Education

Great Britain is not alone in having a Labour Government with a minority in Parliament. Denmark has a Government very similar, and there, as here, it is the first experiment in giving the Labour Party a trial in office.

The Danish Parliament has 149 members, and they are made up of 55 Labour members, 44 Liberals, 27 Conservatives, 20 Independent Liberals, and 3 unattached to any Party. The Labour Party holds office because it has support from Independent Liberals, so long as it does not challenge Liberal opposition. Denmark, too, is like Great Britain in having, for the first time, a woman in the Government. She is the Minister for Education.

The new Danish Government is making economic and social questions its first consideration.

## SWEEPING COBWEBS FROM THE SKY

## What an Aeroplane Can Do

Sky-writing by aeroplanes is common enough, but who knows that aeroplanes can clean up the sky?

An aeroplane cannot brush away heavy clouds, or even disturb clouds when they are forming. But it has been found that on hot, fine days, when the light, fluffy clouds are about, and are more inclined to disperse than to gather, an aeroplane going to and fro among them can puff them out.

Some twenty flights to and fro will generally sweep these cobwebs from the sky, and it is supposed that the warming effect of the engine and of the propeller, as it brings warmer, drier air among the moist cloud particles, is the cause.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Cuyahoga . . . . **Ki-ah-ho-gah**  
D'Artagnan . . . . **Dar-tahn-yon**  
Newfoundland . . . . **Nu-fund-land**  
Wenceslaus . . . . **Wen-ses-laws**

## A HEADMASTER AND THE BOYS

## Wisdom from Mill Hill

# THE UGLIEST SCHOOL BOOK

Wise old Sir Thomas More, in his too-little-read Utopia, declared that God hath appointed for us a joyful life—to the body divers sensible pleasures, and to the soul the delectation that cometh from the contemplation of truth. Much the same thing was said recently by Mr. Maurice Jacks, the Headmaster of Mill Hill School.

He was bold enough to rejoice that at one of our public schools boys are predominantly happy. A boy, he maintained, had no conception of himself as a miserable sinner, and it was unhealthy to suggest to him that he was. It was better to encourage boys in the search for excellence in themselves and the things that they had to do, and so begin to build up the Kingdom of God in their midst.

Mr. Jacks, too, had a wise word to say about the utter failure to produce the Bible in an attractive form. If he were to choose the ugliest school book he knew, he should unhesitatingly pitch on the school editions of the Bible, badly printed, hideously bound, and repellent to the sense of beauty which every boy possessed. He pleaded for the Bible in a worthy dress.

Unquestionably Mr. Jacks here puts his finger on one of the worst blots of religious inertness. No adequate attempt has ever been made to give the Bible a fair chance among the competing books.

## WORLD'S BIGGEST WIRELESS STATION

The world's biggest wireless station is now being built at Hillmorton, near Rugby. There will be twelve steel masts 820 feet high, carrying an aerial a mile long and half a mile wide.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 28

1924

## Dynamite Wanted

WE are getting on when a responsible member of the Government tells our architects that he would like to supply them with enough dynamite out of the public funds to blow up all the ugly buildings in our towns.

He said that for thirty years he had passed places and things in London which *had never given him one kind word*. He suggested that a building which did not speak to the man in the street was not much good to the man inside. The C.N. was saying much the same thing the other day.

Every house should be beautiful, this statesman said; every public edifice should be noble. There is no defence for ugliness, and no justification for squalor. If we want a dignified and enlightened population we must build cities which exalt the mind.

This is excellent, and we have hammered at the idea for some time; but the trouble is that politicians, who grow eloquent in denouncing the squalor of our cities, never seem able to bring themselves to the point when dynamite is ordered, much less applied to the offending evil. We drift on, grumbling, but we do not take off our coats and say: "Let us make this place beautiful, and that place noble; let us create our greatest works of art in the public streets, for the enjoyment of all and the uplifting of our people."

Terrible indeed is the thought that, because of militarism in Europe, we blew away enough money in four years to rebuild all our dreary cities and abolish all our foul slums, and to make the whole round of life more beautiful and more dignified. If men fifty years ago had stamped war under their feet, we could easily have accumulated by now such a vast sum of money that our whole island would be singing with the joy of creative work.

But it is no use to lament the past. The best thing we can do is to work for the future.

Buildings ought to talk to us. There ought to be sermons in stones. If a picture can gratify the mind and a statue can uplift it, how much more should a great building?

When we see that ugliness is a crime against the dignity of the human race, and that squalor is a sin against the purposes of God, we shall blow up all the fearful things that now darken British life, and prepare the way for truth, beauty, and goodness. Then, with noble cities to live in, we shall find that those difficult economic problems which make for class hatred and division will solve themselves. Nothing good and true is impossible to man if he sets out to seek it in the right spirit.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## Wild Flowers for the Great City

"An old child of 85" who reads the C.N., and has lately come up to London from Penzance, sends us this note.

IN Penzance the wild flowers hold holiday all the year round, and coming to London I miss their lovely companionship.

Doubtless Epping Forest was once equally beautiful, but people have dug up the roots, and the ferns, transplanting them to their gardens, where the poor things have pined and died. They no more like the back yards or the cooped-up gardens of London than the wild birds like their cages.

May I suggest a Wild Flower Sanctuary, say, for Epping Forest, to begin with? People are very thoughtless, but they can be taken into our confidence and trusted to preserve the beautiful wild things, especially if teachers, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides are appealed to.

What an attraction it would be to see patches of primroses, bluebells, celandines, and foxgloves round about the Great City!

## A North Pole Joke

ONCE in a blue moon the Bolsheviks of Russia make us smile.

As a rule they seem to be devoid of a sense of humour, and we can no more imagine Trotsky chuckling over a page of Dickens, or smiling over an essay by Charles Lamb, than we can imagine a tiger paying sixpence to go on the Wiggle-Woggle at Wembley, or a boa-constrictor taking a taxi to see the herbaceous borders at Hampton Court.

But there is at least one comic character in Bolshevik Russia, and he is an airman. This gentleman, we are told, has made up his mind to fly to the North Pole, and to plant the Red Flag of Revolution on the dizziest apex of the Pole before Amundsen can get there with the Norwegian flag.

It is a charming idea, and we hope it will succeed. No place in the world could be more suitable for a Bolshevik revolution than the most uninhabited portion of the Arctic regions. May that banner with its strange device continue to fly among snow and ice till the crack of doom, and may all those who love Bolshevism go there and stay there till every walrus is an anarchist, and every polar bear a red-hot Communist.

## To the Country Girl in the Countryside

On reading her verses in the C.N. for June 7.

You do repay the shining sun  
With ruddy lip and golden hair,  
You can create a picture fair  
With sparkling eyes and face of fun.  
And from your mouth, the laughing words  
Can seem like very singing-birds.

You pay your tithe as do the flowers,  
Their gifts are yours, and yours are ours.

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

## Slow But Sure

A SCHOOLMASTER observed the other day that boys who are most successful in school are not always most successful in business.

Surely that is only because some boys develop more slowly than others. If you cannot reach the top of your class, never mind; plod on till you do, never doing less than your best, and slowly you may pass those who at first were quicker than you.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise is still true. The race is not to the fastest, but to him who never stops till he has won.

## Tip-Cat

THERE are said to be no musicians in the House of Commons. So the members cannot act in concert.

FEW of us, it is said, have tried to make a pet of an insect. Beetles and gnats are so difficult to stroke.

MEN do not know why they shave. Yet the reason is clear on the face of it.

THE American railways used 125 million sleepers last year on their tracks. What a waking-up in the morning!



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
How old is the  
elderberry

If they try the smile of the Cheshire cat it won't come off.

WHAT would happen if the world stopped rotating? People would be too shocked to come round again.

TWO Liverpool men claim to have seen the sea serpent. Luckily, the serpent did not see them.

THE time-honoured Saturday penny is said to be as dead as a doornail. It is, in fact, spent.

## The Time-Waster

WAS there ever such a waster of time as the English telephone?

The other day, not knowing a friend's number, we asked for Enquiries. We waited twenty minutes while the Exchange called London scores of times before London answered.

At last we got the number, asked for our friend, and waited twenty minutes more. Then, having to be somewhere else, we cancelled the call and went our way, prepared, like obedient citizens, to be charged a good sum for this waste of forty minutes and the spoiling of four good tempers.

## The Bayonet

By Our Country Girl

SHE has a gift for making just the very present one wants to have.

"I have ordered you something," she said, "which is rather out of the way. I wonder whether you'll like it? I saw it at Parry's, and they are sending it out this afternoon."

Just before tea it arrived. It was an old French bayonet of 1876, and looked as formidable and forbidding as if it had been used in the Great War.

"You don't like it?" she asked. "Well, I must confess it is one of those things—"

"You know what it's for?" she interrupted. "It's a poker. You are always saying your poker is a poor one, and so I bought you this. Bayonets make splendid pokers, Parry says. He has bought scores and scores, and he's selling them as pokers. Try it."

I tried it, and liked it hugely. It split a lump of coal with the ease of an elephant tearing up a forest.

"I thought it so symbolical of your ideas," she said, with a satisfied smile. "If swords are to be beaten into ploughshares, why shouldn't bayonets be turned into fire-irons?"

"Why not?" I shouted, and ran another lump of coal through the heart.

## Family Pride

SHE was almost breathless with excitement, this delicate French girl who had seen at last the Great Man whose works she adored.

"I found myself," she told us, "with a few hours to spare as I passed through the station, and I remembered that he lived there. I made my way to his house. It stood in a big garden. My heart beat with nervousness, but I entered this beautiful garden. A child was playing there. I asked if I could see Monsieur. 'Of course,' said the little one; 'why not? He is indoors. You will find him there. He is my grandpapa.'"

"But I was frightened. The child said, 'Very well; I will take you.'"

"Through the hall we went to the big drawing-room. It was full of people, worshippers. The child said, 'Grandpapa, this lady has come to see you.' The great man rose. He came towards me. Ah, in a minute I had touched his hand and he was speaking to me! He was so kind. It might have been that I had known him all my life. He spoke of everything—his home, his wife, his children, his grandchildren, the kitchen, the kitchen chimney, the enlargements that were soon to be made in the house. Ah, it was wonderful. But—"

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"I cannot tell you."

"Something distressed you?"

"I wish I had never gone."

"But why?"

"How can I tell you?"

"You mean that he was not what you expected?"

Her eyes flashed. She straightened herself. "I will not tell you. You are English. I am French. I do not wish you to think ill of this old man, for he too, is French, and glorious."



## BEGINNING OF GAS FIRST HOUSE LIGHTED WITH IT

Rival Claims of a Frenchman,  
a Scotsman, and an Englishman

### PHILIPPE LEBON AND HIS TRAGIC FATE

It is generally believed that the discoverer of coal gas, and the originator of gas lighting, was William Murdock, the Scottish engineer, who worked for Boulton & Watt in their factory at Birmingham, and was sent by them to Cornwall to superintend the erection of engines at the mines there.

While at Redruth, in 1792, Murdock lighted his office and house with coal gas, and this was undoubtedly the first time a whole building was regularly lighted in this way. The little house still stands in Cornwall, an interesting landmark in progress. But Murdock was not the inventor of coal gas, nor even of its use for lighting purposes; it was discovered at least a century earlier, and the question is now being discussed as to who discovered it.

#### A British Idea

The French have lately been celebrating the centenary of Philippe Lebon, a famous chemist and engineer, who, they claim, was the first man to use coal gas for lighting. In their books of reference they describe him as the inventor, and at Chaumont they have erected a statue showing Lebon holding a vessel of gas with a flame burning at an outlet. They declare that, as no one in France wanted his invention, it was brought to England, and here came into use.

All this, however, is quite wrong. Coal gas was a British idea. At some time earlier than 1691, Dr. John Clayton, the Dean of Kildare, distilled coal and filled bladders with the gas he thus obtained. He pricked the bladders, and, lighting the gas as it escaped from the holes, he showed that it burned with a luminous flame.

#### The First Gaspipe

In 1726, Dr. Stephen Hales, a Kent man, carried the matter farther by measuring the exact amount of gas that could be distilled from a given quantity of coal.

Then came another Englishman, George Dixon, of Cockfield, in Durham, who owned a number of collieries, near one of which he started a small factory to produce coal tar, which was used by the shipbuilders of Sunderland.

About 1760, nearly 40 years before Lebon's experiments, Dixon prepared coal gas by half-filling a kettle with coal and setting it on the fire. From the spout he led a pipe, made of hemlock stems, along his garden wall into a room of his house, and lighted the room by igniting the gas as it issued from the curious pipe.

#### An Alarming Experience

The gas burned with a bright flame. This was the first known case of a house being lighted by gas. The matter is thoroughly well authenticated.

Dixon continued his experiments, and so successful did they prove that at last he decided to light his collieries with coal gas, but the project was abandoned after a very alarming experience, which suggested that gas was dangerous.

In 1787 Lord Dundonald, while distilling tar from coal, found that an illuminating gas was produced, and used it for lighting the hall of Culross Abbey.

It is therefore clear that, while Murdock cannot be regarded as the actual inventor of coal-gas lighting, the Frenchman Lebon has no rightful claim

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Micky, the "father" of the London Zoo, has died at 26.

The Prince of Wales will camp out for a night at the Boy Scouts Jamboree at Wembley.

Mr. Marconi has spoken from Poldhu to Buenos Aires along his wireless beam, a distance of 5000 miles.

#### Millions at Wembley

Four million people have been to Wembley. On the record day 321,232 visitors passed through the turnstiles.

#### Americans in Canada

130,000 American motor-cars visited the Canadian province of Quebec last year. They brought half a million tourists who spent over three million pounds there.

Sir George Frampton has given a copy of his statue of Peter Pan to Brussels.

In one week this month the number of unemployed was reduced in Great Britain by 12,726.

The draughts championship of England has been won by Samuel Cohen, a Whitechapel boy of 18.

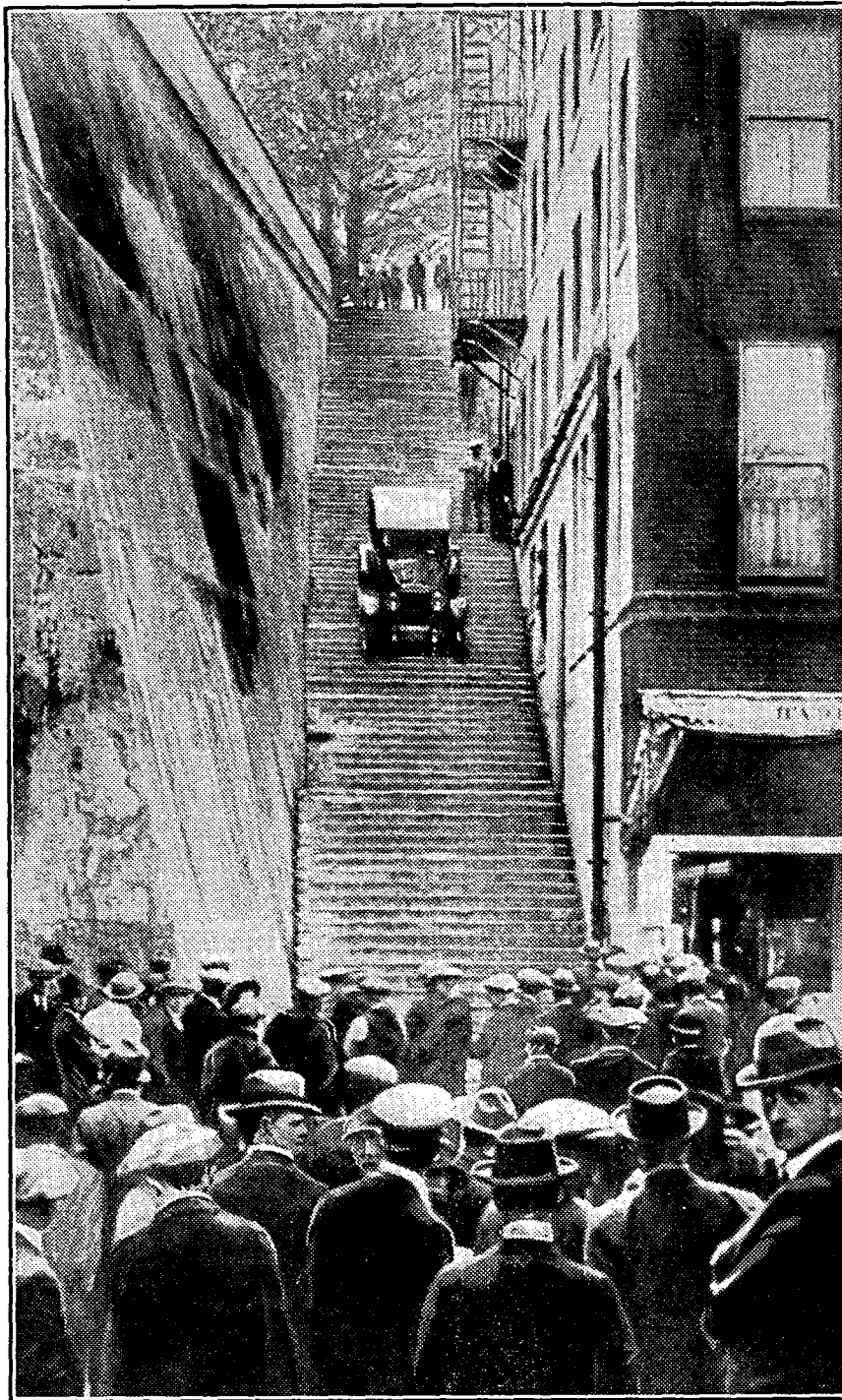
#### London's Millions

During Whitsuntide 12,804,000 passengers were carried by the London buses, 3,185,000 more than in 1923.

#### Every Little Helps

The Queen's Hospital for Children at Hackney is in urgent need of £10,000 and we should be grateful to any reader who would help it a little.

## THE CAR TAKES A REST



This car was driven down a steep flight of steps at Los Angeles, in California, in order to show the skill of the driver; and to prove the efficiency of the new four-wheel brakes it was stopped midway. The car remained perfectly still, and, as can be seen, the spectators had perfect confidence in the staying-power of the brakes

at all to the honour. He was, however, a very interesting man. Working out a problem in his laboratory one day, he was heating some sawdust in a glass cylinder when the idea occurred to him to set fire to the escaping gas. The result proved very exciting, and Lebon experimented again and again, till at last he had several furnaces built in his yard, giving out a dazzling light, which attracted great crowds. Lebon believed that something revolutionary might come from the use of this gas, for he wrote in 1802 that "this may lead to the improvement of cooking, washing,

and so on." But his enthusiasm was not shared by those who could help him, and, having no income to live on, the inventor was compelled to turn aside from gas, and content himself with distilling timber in a forest near Havre, extracting tar out of the timber for the use of the French navy.

His useful life came to a tragic end, for he was apparently murdered by mistake. It happened that in appearance he closely resembled Napoleon, and it is believed that the assassin who killed him in a side street in Paris imagined him to be the Emperor.

## THE DAY GROWING LONGER

### THE SLOW SLOWING- DOWN OF THE EARTH

Losing a Second of Time in a  
Century

### TIME-KEEPERS OF THE HEAVENS

The length of the day is increasing. The Earth spinning round and round every day is abating that majestic pace which carries round a point on its Equator at a thousand miles an hour. It is slowing, so that at some far distant period it may spin round only once a year, and then will always turn the same face to the Sun.

But the slackening of the speed of the Earth is so slight that none of our clocks can measure it. The best clock that ever was made can never keep time as the Earth does. In fact, the constancy of the Earth's period of rotation is employed to check the accuracy of those masterpieces of man's ingenuity, the electric clocks of the observatories. Some of these clocks vary only by a second in a month; but the Earth only varies by a second in a hundred years.

#### The Movement of the Tides

Even about that slight variation astronomers are not quite sure. They have calculated that it may lose that amount—or perhaps we should say it ought to lose that amount—because its surface is continually changing, and because the movement of the tides slows it down. They act like friction on the spinning top of the Earth and are almost imperceptibly making its day (the period of its spin) longer.

We say "almost imperceptibly" because the lengthening is not quite imperceptible. Although no clocks can make it evident, there are time-keepers in the heavens which can and do. These time-keepers are the other planets and the Moon, quite as regular in their movements as the Earth.

One of these time-keepers is the planet Mercury, which from time to time so passes between the Earth and the Sun as to appear to pass across the Sun's disc. When it does so these transits are watched and timed with the deepest interest by astronomers. A transit of Mercury has taken place this year, and was observed in England, France, Germany, Spain, Greece, and Belgium. Dr. A. C. D. Crommelin collected all these observations and made them uniform. As a result of his calculations, which he has just presented to the British Astronomical Association, he found that Mercury began to cross the Sun 31 seconds before it was expected.

#### Planets Get Ahead

In other words, Mercury, after all corrections, was ahead of its time. But Mercury is not singular in this respect. All the planets, and the Moon, tend to get ahead of their time. The shorter the period of their journey round the Sun, the more they get ahead of it.

This irregularity, which is all of the same kind, cannot all be blamed on the planets. To suppose that they were all fast and the Earth the only clock that was right would be like supposing that when one soldier in a company is out of step all the others are wrong. So the conclusion to which Dr. Crommelin and other astronomers come is that the Earth is slow, and is becoming slower. In other words, the day is becoming longer.

#### MR. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS MONEY

Mr. Rockefeller has given £200,000 for the reconstruction of the roof of Amiens Cathedral and repairs to the foundations and buildings of Versailles and Fontainebleau.



## THE DREAM SHOP

### HOW IT ROSE AFTER MANY DAYS

The Lovely Place that Takes Us Back to Elizabeth's Time

#### A NEW FRONT FOR LONDON

When the fathers of the C.N. readers were little boys there was a man in London who loved as much as any youngster the fascinating game of keeping shop. His name was Arthur Liberty, and he had a little shop in Regent Street.

He would have nothing but soft and beautiful colours and lovely textures in his shop, and as time went on the little place became famous.

Arthur Liberty had an ideal. He wanted his shops to look like English houses, not like huge, cold-looking halls. In his mind there was a dream-shop which he hoped one day to build.

#### The Good that is Never Lost

One of the sad yet happy things in life is this, that a man may die with his life-work unfinished, but someone else will carry it on. Nothing good is ever lost. In the course of time Mr. Liberty—now made Sir Arthur—grew old and died, but the men gathered round him had learned of his ideals, and they have just built the dream-shop.

The dream-shop peeps at you from two places—up Argyll Street to Oxford Street, and along Argyll Place to Regent Street. Seeing it the first time, you stop and rub your eyes and wonder if you have suddenly jumped back into Queen Elizabeth's reign. There are the "barley sugar" chimneys, the half-timber fronts, the low, level, restful storeys, with their barricades of small-paned windows, each set with one coloured light, like a jewel; and over the entrance hang two rich signs like those that swung in front of all the shops in Elizabeth's time.

#### A Model of the Mayflower

The quaintest and most delightful fancies have ruled the building of this dream-shop. The arms of King Bluebeard's six wives are set in a row over the doorway, and in the gable that looks out to Regent Street are the arms of Elizabeth. For a weather vane there is a model of the Mayflower. It looks very tiny up above the highest gable, but it is four feet high and weighs over a hundredweight.

The wood, oak and teak, beautifully carved by hand, outside and inside, has come from two old warships, the Hindustan and the Impregnable. To build these three-deckers, thousands of oaks were felled in the New Forest; after sailing the salt seas they have come into a very friendly haven.

#### A Fine Thing Finely Done

Sir Arthur Liberty always loved the style of the sixteenth century because it was a period of great domestic architecture in England. The dream-shop he did not live to see has brought back to the present day the lost beauty of Elizabethan homes—low, pleasant rooms, beautifully carved galleries and staircases, and panelled walls. The man who opened his little shop almost fifty years ago would have been proud to know that the panelling and metal work and interior decoration of this building have been carried out in the Liberty workshops.

The architect is Mr. E. Stanley Hall, who has done a fine thing in two ways. He has set up a building in the style of a period with a nobility of its own and not merely imitative, and he has started magnificently a new thoroughfare in fashionable London.

## THE COUNTRY CHILD

### A WORD FOR IT IN PARLIAMENT

Food Producers Who Cannot Feed Their Little Ones

#### WAGES BOARD TO COME BACK

When the breadwinner's wage is low his children's food is poor, and they cannot grow up strong and healthy.

That is one reason why Parliament is anxious that low wages should cease, and is extending the compulsory fixing of wages by wage boards in various industries. A Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons for re-establishing a Wages Board for agricultural labourers, with wage committees for each county. The committees are to recommend, and the board is to fix, minimum wages for England and Wales.

Agricultural wage boards were set up during the war, but were abandoned in favour of conciliation committees. Few of these committees are alive today, and the labourer's condition has gone from bad to worse.

The Minister for Agriculture declared he knew of children of labourers who only got bread and tea for breakfast, bread and cheese for dinner, and bread and tea with a little cheese for supper. Men whose work was the production of butter and meat could not give either to their children.

It was asserted in the House that farmers could not pay more, but it was replied that better wages meant better farming. There are trade boards in other trades, regulating the wages of between two and three million workers. These have stopped sweating, protected the good employer against unfair competition, and increased production. Yet when these boards were established the same arguments were used against them as are now used against the new Bill.

### SQUIRREL AND ITS HOARD

#### And a Thankful Government

Squirrels are proving themselves the friends of man, and as a reward for their services are now being protected by the United States Government.

In order to replant the forests that had been destroyed by fire the Government offered to pay for pine cones, but these have to be gathered green if the seed is to be fit for use, and as they hang high up on the trees there was great difficulty in obtaining them.

Then somebody thought of the squirrels, and it was found that they climb to the top of the trees, bite off the cones while they are still green, and carry them to their nests, where they store them in large quantities.

The cones were therefore gathered from the squirrels' nests and stored by the Government in a large warehouse, but owing to spontaneous combustion the cones caught fire and the whole supply was destroyed.

It was then decided to study how the squirrels stored the cones, and to follow their plan, for fires never occur in these stores. It was discovered that the little animals placed the cones end to end, so as to allow of the free passage of air, and when this arrangement was copied no further trouble occurred.

The Government Forestry Service has rewarded the squirrels for their useful service to man by ordering that only a few cones are to be taken from each store, the remainder being left for the benefit of the little animals which have collected them.

#### AIR SERVICE ACROSS AMERICA

A regular daily air mail service from New York to San Francisco is to begin next month. Lighted beacons are to guide the night-flyers on their way, and the journey should take about 33 hours.

## SYDNEY'S STEEL BRIDGE

### Immense Work of Preparation

#### THOUSANDS SPENT ON THE PLANS

Sydney Harbour, as we have already announced, is to have a new bridge costing several millions.

The harbour is shaped like a big-fingered hand, the waters of the fingers thrusting many miles up into the land. A great steel bridge is to be flung over the base of the fingers to join the main city of Sydney with its suburbs over the water, and to take the place of the ferry boats which now run night and day from Circular Quay.

This bridge, mightier than that which spans the Forth or joins New York to Brooklyn, is to be a very great undertaking, and it will put money into the pockets of thousands of workmen as well as into the banking accounts of the engineers and those who find the capital with which to build.

One can imagine some of the vast efforts, the struggles against time, the successes and failures in detail, which in the coming years will be part of the history of Sydney Harbour Bridge, for every great bridge uses up men's brains and lives, as well as their labour.

But not many realise the work that has to be done in planning a bridge long before it is begun, or the money that has to be spent on designs even before they are accepted—or rejected. The six firms who tendered for the bridge spent together £125,000 in preparing the estimates and designs, so that, as five were unsuccessful, £100,000 must have been cast as wasted bread upon the waters.

### RUSSIA'S SCIENTISTS Heroic Struggle to Keep at Work

Among all the terrible and pitiful stories of Russia under the Bolsheviks none is more poignant than an account which has just come to hand of the heroic struggle of Russian men of science to maintain their work.

After the Revolution they were obliged to state their sympathies. If they were opposed to the new government they either had to leave the country or were shot; those who tried to remain neutral found that they had to teach in accordance with the Government's views or face starvation.

A new institute has been founded by the Bolsheviks, of which raw and untrained men are members, only Communists and men of the lowest intellect being allowed to study at the colleges and universities. In order to prevent their researches being carried on by those unfitted for the task some professors in despair became Communists.

At the present time all the brilliant men of Russia are working under the most inhuman conditions, with salaries only one-tenth of what they received before the war, and they have to carry on the most menial tasks. Yet with all these disadvantages, and with a scarcity of implements and materials, they have continued to add achievements of high importance to the progress of science.

### WHEN THE TRAIN ARRIVES

#### Lighting Up Lonely Stations

An American railway has inaugurated a novel method of lighting its out-of-the-way stations when a train approaches.

Such stations have been equipped with electric lights on the platform and in the waiting-rooms, and when a train passes a point a mile away it makes a contact turning on the power, so that there will be plenty of light for landing passengers and baggage. When the train leaves the station the lights automatically go out.

## BAT AND BALL BOOK

### Maclaren on Cricket

#### MASTER OF THE GAME TELLS HOW TO PLAY IT

CRICKET OLD AND NEW. A Talk to Young Players. By A. C. Maclaren. Longmans. 6s.

No man alive, unless it be W. W. Armstrong the Australian, has had a wider experience of cricket than Archibald Maclaren, and nobody, unless it be Armstrong, has written a better book than this for young cricketers.

Maclaren has been a masterly player, a masterly captain, a masterly teacher of cricket, and he can write with plainness and force out of this experience. What more would any lover of the game have in a writer on cricket?

#### Players in Action

Also the book has two dozen illustrations of how the game is played in the best style. There is no wooden stillness in the pictures. They show players in action, with movement in every muscle. Such is the freedom of every photograph that the reader wishes he could have been there to see what happened next.

Mr. Maclaren believes that there is a way of playing cricket, a classical way, especially by the batsman, that cannot be bettered, and he is all for teaching that way. He has learned what it is by long experience of the greatest cricketers and by closest observation. Of course there are exceptions, men who have their own style, as Gilbert Jessop had, but they are rare defiers of the best principles, and not to be imitated. And obviously Maclaren is right in this.

Bowlers have more freedom and greater scope for individuality, but they, too, must be masters of their own wiles, and be able to do what they want to do with regularity.

#### Cricketers Past and Present

This book contains much information about the best cricketers past and present, but its chief use is its helpfulness to the young cricketer of promise. The advice given to young players is most admirable. It covers every department of the game—every stroke in batting, every style in bowling, and, equally important, the too much neglected arts of catching, ground fielding, and throwing in.

We cannot too highly commend this fine exposition of the best of all sports by one who has proved himself a master of it in every part of the cricketing world, and is now using his complete experience as a studious and most interesting teacher of what to do, how to do it, and what not to do.

### LAWYERS COMING TO TOWN

#### A Big Party in London

The Bench and Bar of England are giving a huge party in London in July in honour of their American and Canadian colleagues. It will last a week, and will take many forms—dinners, garden parties in the lovely Inn gardens in the heart of London, excursions, and so on.

So far 1275 judges, barristers, and solicitors have accepted, and the wives coming with them bring their number up to 2300. Counting each visitor as an entertainment, the reception committee secretary quaintly says, "there will be 30,000 entertainments in the week."

Visits to George Washington's home at Sulgrave and Lady Astor's home at Cliveden are no doubt intended to celebrate two outstanding landmarks in the relations of America and England.



## A SECRET OF THE PAST

### Hiding Places in the Palace Walls

#### DISCOVERY AT AVIGNON

A curious peep into the devious ways of the past is afforded by some interesting changes now being made in the old Papal Palace in the romantic French town of Avignon.

The palace has had a changeful history. From being the home of Popes it became an ordinary whitewashed barracks a hundred years ago. Now this fine fourteenth-century palace is being revealed in something approaching its original dignity.

But the process has brought some surprises. The walls are thirteen feet thick. Even in the fourteenth century, when palaces were strongholds, thirteen feet might seem an unnecessary thickness for walls, even internal walls. But a reason has been disclosed. The walls are found to be pierced in all directions by staircases, from which, through narrow slits in the walls, watch could be kept on many of the rooms.

What a life of distrust and suspicion lay behind those massive walls, which in simple fact had ears! The life of men must be far happier now than it could be then, when it was hard to know who were the more uneasy, the men who thought there was need to watch their fellows incessantly, or the men who must have felt that they were being watched.

Men delve their way, with pick and crowbar, into the life of the fourteenth century, only to discover how glad they ought to be that they were not in it when it was astir with all its old mystery and intrigue.

## HOME OF JAMES WATT

### Must it Follow the Rookery?

It will be a great pity if Heathfield Hall, Handsworth, the home of James Watt, is deprived of its beautiful surroundings, and a greater still if the hall itself disappears.

The estate has been bought by a building syndicate, who have begun the destruction of the rooks in the famous old rookery which is said to have existed when the district was a lonely heath crossed by a Roman road.

This killing of the rooks is to be followed by the felling of the trees, and the syndicate propose to build on the land, but the Birmingham City Council has been urged to buy the estate and the hall and preserve them as a memorial.

Such a step might well be taken by the City whose industrial greatness was so largely contributed to by James Watt.

## PRAIRIE READERS

### How the Farmers Get Their Books

The province of Saskatchewan, in western Canada, is given up almost entirely to grain growing, which means that the farmers and their helpers, scattered far over the prairie, have a great deal of time on their hands between reaping and sowing. What are they to do with it? It appears that they are great readers. But how do they get the books to keep them going?

The Provincial Government has organised a system of travelling libraries which follow each other from district to district as the farmers exhaust them. There are already 920 libraries "on the road," and still a waiting list of 25 districts unsupplied. Over thirty thousand books were sent out in the winter.

There is a steadily increasing demand, says the chief librarian, for the better books—not only for the best fiction, but for books of travel, biography, and history. Most popular of all is Sir William Butler's "Great Lone Land," describing the Saskatchewan of fifty years ago.

## KEEPING HIMSELF POOR

### Story of a Big Telescope

#### £50,000 GIFT TO SCIENCE

By the beginning of next year the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware will have a splendid astronomical observatory with the third largest telescope in the world, and these will be the gift of a once poor man.

Professor Hiram Mills Perkins, who died not long ago, for half a century practised the most amazing self-denial in order to make this gift to the university. He was for fifty years a member of the faculty of the university, and although, by denying himself every luxury, he had amassed a fortune he was always poor, because he saved his money for the benefit of others.

Professor Perkins dedicated his long life—he was ninety when he died—to the idea of providing the Ohio University with a thoroughly well-equipped modern observatory which should bring astronomy within reach of the masses of the people.

The money he accumulated for this purpose was far more than the total amount he received in salary during his long life. The most he ever received was £360 a year, and that only for a few years; but by saving every penny he could, and by investing the money and its interest, he managed at last to save £35,000, to which two friends added £15,000. With this fortune he was able to make the gift of the great telescope, with the condition that the instrument is to be used chiefly for ordinary people, secondly by students, and finally for research.

The great telescope has a 61-inch lens, and weighs 37 tons, but it is balanced so delicately on its 460-ton pier that it can be operated by one man, and when moving with the Earth's rotation to keep the observer's vision focussed steadily on a star it uses no more electric current than a single electric lamp.

## BURIED HISTORY

### What a Paris Gas Main Showed

In the St. Marcel quarter of Paris a new gas main was being laid lately along the boulevard when the workmen came on an old burial ground which is older than Paris itself.

Here were buried Christians who fled from the persecutions when the Romans held Paris under the name of Lutetia. St. Marcel was then a little hamlet two miles away from the gay Roman city, a place of quarries where the Christians might hide as they hid in the Catacombs outside Rome. Tradition has it that St. Marcel, the evangelist of Paris, was himself buried here nearly 1500 years ago.

But some of the burials in this ancient graveyard are far older than that. Dr. Capitan, the French anthropologist, says that among the burials there are those of a fine but mixed race made up of divers peoples of Roman times; those of some large, strongly-knit men of great stature who were the barbarian German invaders; and two or three skeletons and skulls which belong to an old race of men who dwelt in the caves of France 12,000 years ago.

## THE BUSY BEE

### Not So Hard-Worked After All

A scientific investigation which has just been made hardly bears out the general idea that the poor little bee is so terribly overworked.

By making a careful check with marked bees it was found that each insect only averaged five trips daily of about fifteen minutes each. The balance of their time is spent either at rest or in the cells. The hardest working bees only live about a month, but the lazier ones often reach the age of five months.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

### What Does Eerie Mean?

This word means weird, or uncanny, but its etymology or origin is uncertain.

### Which is the Longest Verse in the Bible?

Esther, chapter 8, verse 9. The shortest is, of course, John, chapter 11, verse 35.

### Where Was Captain Cook's London House?

Captain Cook lived at 88, Mile End Road, in the East End, just beyond Whitechapel.

### Is America an Island?

America is a continent, but it is also a gigantic island, because it is land entirely surrounded by water.

### What is the Meaning of Od's in Old Phrases like Od's Bodikins?

Od's bodikins means God's body, and was a form of oath used in olden times.

### Is a Man's Leg Longer in Proportion to His Height than a Gorilla's?

Yes; taking the stature as 100, a man's leg averages from 48 to 49, whereas a gorilla's is about 35.

### What is the Meaning of the Name Pimpernel?

It is the old French pimpernele, derived from the Latin bipennis, meaning two-winged, a reference to the leaves.

### Do Sunspots Affect the Weather?

Scientists are divided in opinion, but the tendency now is to believe that weather is affected by the sunspots. An article on this subject was given in the C.N. No. 116.

### Why is the Month of May Supposed to be Unlucky for Marriages?

This foolish superstition is a relic of the old days and dates back to Pagan times. How it came originally to be regarded as unlucky is not known.

### What is the Plural of Mongoose?

Curious as it sounds, it is mongooses. The second syllable has nothing to do with goose; the whole word is an English spelling of the Marathi name for the animal, more correctly given as mangus.

### When Were Pins First Made in England?

It is not known who first made pins in England, but the first pin factory of any size was founded by John Tilsby in Gloucestershire, in 1625. At that time we were spending £60,000 a year on foreign pins.

### What Should be Put into Soapsuds to Make Bubbles Last Longer?

A little glycerine or gum tragacanth should be mixed with the soapy water. This will make easier the blowing of the bubbles and will also lengthen their life.

### On a Railway Curve Is One Rail Higher than the Other?

Yes, the outer rail of the curve—not necessarily the outer rail of the track—is raised higher than the inner one because the train going rapidly round tends to rise on its inner wheels.

### Are the Jews a Nation?

The Jews are a nation in the sense that they are a distinct people with a common descent, a national language and literature, and a national history; but though racially a nation they are not politically a nation today, being scattered among other nations.

### Where Was the Stone Obtained for Building York Minster?

It was taken from the quarries of Thevedale, Huddleston, and Tadcaster, and carried down the River Wharfe, and also from Stapleton, and carried down the River Aire into the Ouse, and so to the wharf at York, whence it was conveyed on sledges to the mason's yard.

### Why Does Gum Stick Two Pieces of Wood Together?

Gum is a viscous substance, and when it is spread on wood or another substance there is molecular attraction between the substances which hold them together. Then the water in the gum evaporates, and the gum hardens, holding the materials so firmly together that considerable effort is required to separate them.

### How Are Stalactites Formed?

Rainwater trickling through the earth absorbs carbon dioxide, and it is then capable of dissolving limestone. When the limestone is dissolved away a cave is formed and afterwards as drops of water hang from the cave roof the carbon dioxide escapes, the water evaporates, and the limestone is given up. Gradually a kind of stone icicle is left hanging, and this is called a stalactite. Any drops that fall and reach the floor of the cave behave similarly, and a stalagmite is built up, which eventually meets the stalactite and forms a limestone column.

## FARTHEST FROM THE SUN

### THE EARTH RECEIVING LESS HEAT

#### Why There are More Days in Summer Than in Winter

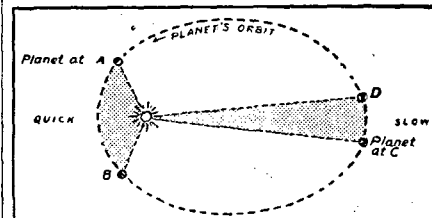
#### KEPLER'S LAW

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Earth will be at her farthest from the Sun on Thursday next, July 3, and 94,495,000 miles away from him. In January we were but 91,340,000 miles off.

What this means can be easily visualised by getting a large stone ten inches wide to represent the Sun, and placing, 93 feet away, a tiny pebble slightly less than one-tenth of an inch in diameter to represent the Earth; we thus have a model to scale of our world relative to the Solar furnace, both in size and distance at the present time.

If the tiny pebble be moved three feet nearer to the Sun ball, we shall see, proportionately, how much closer our world is in the month of January.



Why the Earth is at present travelling more slowly than when at its farthest from the Sun

The Sun now appears a trifle smaller, and the Earth, as a whole, receives 6 per cent less heat than at the beginning of January. Moreover, we get more days in the Summer than in the Winter through being farther from the Sun.

It takes our world 179 days to pass over the Winter half of her orbit, from the Autumnal Equinox, September 23, to the Spring Equinox of March 21. But Mother Earth appears to get a bit lazy, and takes 186 days to do the Summer half of her journey, though it is the same length. The fact is that she travels more slowly; at about 18 miles a second in June and July; while in midwinter she sprints along, and does 18.64 miles in a second.

It is midwinter just now in the Southern Hemisphere, and Australia, South Africa, and South America have to endure a Winter half of the year, seven days longer than our Northern Winter half, while their Summer is seven days shorter than ours.

### Losing a Year of Summer

So in a lifetime one may lose a whole year of Summer in the Southern Hemisphere, but kindly Nature has given those regions a plenitude of ocean which by retaining more of the summer heat reduces the cold of their winters. Why it should be warmer here, in spite of the Sun's greater distance, is due to the tilt of the Earth's axis, bringing Britain more directly beneath the Sun than it is in winter.

The cause of the Earth's speed slackening during our Summer is due to Kepler's Law, which means that all worlds travel round their central sun, and satellites round their planets, so as to enclose equal areas in equal times.

This Law has since been found to operate all over the Universe. The diagram—which is deliberately exaggerated to make the point clear—will explain this. The two shaded portions are supposed to be equal in area, and it is obvious that a world will have to travel much faster in getting from A to B, when nearest its sun, than in getting from C to D, when at its farthest, in order to enclose an equal area.

Why this should be so is not known, but the stability of the whole Universe depends on it. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Saturn is in the south-west, Jupiter south, and Mars in the south-east in the evening.



# EAGLE FEATHER

## A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

### CHAPTER 41 The Bear's Den

Now that the beast had come out into the light, David realised that it was one of the largest bears he had ever seen. He measured it with his eyes, marking the exact place he must strike to reach the heart, and prepared to close with it.

It was clear that his only hope of life lay in a single stab with his long hunting-knife. If there was to be a long struggle, the odds were that both he and the bear would fall over the ledge into the river.

If he allowed himself to come within range of those lashing paws, a single rip of the razor claws would kill him. So, while the bear blinked blindly for a second in the unaccustomed light, David slipped under the claws and flattened himself against the bear's furry chest.

The bear instantly bent down its head, its great jaws snapping for David's throat.

David had kept his hunting-knife against his own chest. Now, evading the bear's jaws, that crashed above his head, the boy felt for the beating of the heart, and just there he drove home his knife. The bear was dead instantly.

It was just in time, for in that momentary blind struggle the two had come to the very edge of the firm ground.

A moment they swayed, and David's heart stopped its beat, for the bear had clutched him so tightly in its huge arms that he could not extricate himself. If it fell he fell with it. He felt vaguely that its knife-like claws were buried deep in his shoulders. But he felt no pain. Everything in him was concentrated in the effort to make the huge beast fall to the left and not to the right, the edge of the cliff.

He succeeded. The furry body swayed, and fell into the mouth of the cave, carrying David helpless in its arms. It did not fall on David. If it had it would almost certainly have crushed his ribs. As it was, the boy's breath was knocked from his body by the force of the fall, and for some minutes he lay all but senseless.

Something deep in his dazed brain was calling to him as he regained consciousness.

"Get out! Get out! Or the bear's muscles will stiffen round you!" it said, and with an effort David pulled himself slowly and painfully out of the animal's clutch.

Blood was pouring from his shoulders, lacerated deeply by the bear's claws. But David scarcely noticed it. His brain was still intent on his mission: to find out if the cave was a suitable shelter for the settlers.

David poured some powder out of his still undamped powder horn, and, striking a spark from his flint, ignited it. In the flare he saw the bear's den, a deep, rocky recess in the cliff's side. It bade fair to be warm and sheltered, though littered with bones and very dirty. There was a strong animal smell from its late occupant.

However, David was unperturbed by these details, for the litter could be cleared away and the smell of bear could be driven out with fire. On the whole, he was delighted with his discovery, especially when he saw, in the far end of the cave, a heap of dry firewood and some broken clay dishes.

"An outlaw or fugitive of some sort must have taken refuge here years ago," decided David. "An excellent place for defence, surely."

In his delight at having found what he was looking for, David had forgotten that he was rather badly wounded. But now a throbbing and stiffness in his shoulders, and a sense of weakness from loss of blood, reminded him that he must hurry back to the others and have his wounds attended to.

### Set down by John Halden

He stepped over the bear at the entrance, noting, with rather more satisfaction than he had felt while it was living, that it was a very large one.

"That will supply us with food for weeks!" he thought, climbing stiffly to the top of the cliff.

The way back was not a long one, but David was exhausted when he arrived at the tent. He found the others sitting moodily round the fire, trying without avail to avoid the water that poured through the apertures in the canvas.

Mrs. Halifax sprang up with a cry when she saw him, for he was a terrifying sight. His tunic was torn to shreds and soaked with blood. His face was grey and exhausted.

"Davie, what has happened to you?" cried his mother.

David sank down beside the fire. He had not realised how much the fight with the bear had taken out of him.

"It's all right, Mother," he said weakly. "I've killed a bear for supper, and we're going to go and live in his den."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sam Simpson. "That's a good joke!"

But Anderson motioned to him to be quiet and leaned forward eagerly.

"What's this, Dave?" he asked.

"Found a bear's den up on the side of the cliff," muttered David, for his mother was cutting away the tunic from his stiffened wounds. "Killed the bear. Thought we'd be able to find shelter in its den. Warm—dry—"

David had to stop talking and clench his teeth, for his mother was probing his wounds to see if the bear's claws had left any poison.

There were cries and exclamations from the others. Nancy sprang to tear some linen for bandages, and Mrs. Anderson poured some hot turkey soup into a bowl for David to drink. He drank it and the colour came back into his face.

"Can we go there tonight, David, do you think?" asked Mrs. Halifax. "It's very damp here. Both the babies are ill, and your father must have shelter."

"Yes," said David, "I think so. It will take an hour or two to make the place decent. I'll take the men along with me, while you all get ready to follow."

"But you're not fit to go out again, Davie!" cried Nancy. "He mustn't, must he, Mother?"

"I'm afraid we wouldn't be able to find the cave in the dark without him," answered Mrs. Halifax. "You may go with him if you like."

Nancy had spoken impulsively. She knew, of course, that the most important thing for all of them, David included, was a proper shelter for the night. So she put on her linsey-woolsey cape—there were no waterproofs in those days—and prepared to follow her brother into the downpour.

### CHAPTER 42 The Home in the Cave

It was an eerie procession that moved along the river's bank that night. By this time it was dark as pitch. The rain came down in endless streams so heavily that walking through it was like moving through deep water.

David, who led, and Anderson, who brought up the rear, carried horn lanterns that threw a yellow light over the streaming earth under their feet and the rushing, yellow river below. Nancy tramped close at David's heels.

At last they came to the ledge, and David, warning the rest to step carefully, led the way down to the cave. Everyone exclaimed at the sight of the bear—everyone but Nancy, who looked at the narrowness of the ledge, listened to the

roar of the river in the blackness below, and shuddered silently.

They left the bear for the moment and stepped in to explore its den. The light of their lanterns, flashed about the walls and ceiling, showed no trace of damp. The floor, too, was dry, though dirty, and Nancy immediately rolled up her sleeves, gathered together a bundle of twigs and leaves, and set to work to sweep it out.

"A good night's work, Dave!" said Anderson heartily as he hung his lantern on a jutting bit of rock on the wall.

Even Simpson so far forgot his jealousy as to clap David on the shoulder in congratulation. Whereat David winced, and Nancy gave a little cry of reproach. Sam broke into a loud guffaw. It was his idea of a joke.

While Nancy swept and cleaned the cave with her broom of twigs, some of the others burned the floor and walls over with torches of light-wood taken from the heap at the back.

"If you and Sam will skin that bear and cut up some of the meat, Nancy can have a good bear's broth cooking for the others when they get here," said David to Simpson.

Simpson nodded and went immediately to work.

"This is a fine warm pelt," he remarked. "Once it is dried and cured it will make a rug for your father."

The cave began to have almost a home-like look. Anderson had built a great roaring fire in a convenient corner near the entrance. This was effectually driving out the dampness and the lingering bear-odour.

"I reckon once we get the folks here they'll hate to leave!" cried Nancy happily.

She had remembered to bring a kettle for cooking and put it under one of the little waterfalls that tumbled down the cliff outside the cave to get it half full of rain-water.

It was time to go back for the others. Simpson, having cut off enough for a meal, left the carcass of the bear to be finished in the morning, and took down a lantern from the wall.

"You'll stay here and watch the fire and see that the supper cooks, Nancy," said David.

It was the first time he had spoken for almost half an hour. Nancy, watching him with anxious eyes, had seen his shoulders growing stiffer and more bowed with pain and his face more drawn and grey.

She took her linsey-woolsey cape once more from where it had hung to dry.

"No, Dave"—and her round face looked very determined—"it's you who are going to do the squaw's work this time. I'm going back, and you're staying here to watch the supper."

## Crossing the Atlantic Alone

Alain Gerbault's  
Own Story of His  
4000-Mile  
Voyage Across  
Stormy Seas  
Alone in a  
Small Boat  
Begins in the July

PREMIER  
MAGAZINE 1/-

NOW ON SALE

David opened his mouth to protest. He looked at his sister, and, to his surprise, she seemed to be floating in a mist. Then he found himself walking slowly across the floor, impelled by someone's hand. He saw, dimly, Nancy slip her cape from her shoulders.

"It's a shame to get it wet again in the rain," she remarked as she folded it up for a pillow.

David made a gesture of protest, but his hand fell heavily to his side again. He was already asleep. The day's exertion and the terrible fight with the bear had exhausted him beyond human endurance.

Nancy stood a moment considering him.

"Do you think it's safe to leave him?" she said to Anderson. "He wouldn't wake up for a house afire, poor dear."

"I think so," answered the other. "The fire can't spread on this rocky floor, and the supper will cook without watching."

"Yes, let him sleep," said Simpson; "he needs it. And when we come back I'll put a poultice of bear's fat on his wounds."

Sam here did a strange thing—for Sam. He had wrapped a dry piece of sacking round his shoulders as additional protection against the wet. He took it off suddenly and spread it over David. Then he turned abruptly, and, with a sheepish expression on his face, started for the door.

For the first time in her life Nancy liked him.

Outside the rain had not abated. Gasping and wet, the girl and the men reached the top of the cliff and tied a piece of white cotton to a stake to mark the beginning of the path down to the cave's mouth.

After what seemed a long walk back to the tent they found the others in a bad case. Little Annabel and Harriett were both unmistakably ill. Mrs. Halifax divided her time between caring for them and for her husband, who lay in a stupor of exhaustion.

"Oh, but wait till you see the fine place Davie's found for us!" cried Nancy, taking little Annabel pickaback to carry her to the cave.

It had been decided to make several trips, first to get the women and children safely to the bear's den, after which Nancy and the men should return to carry the provisions.

"Where is Davie?" asked Mrs. Halifax, busily making her husband ready for the trying journey.

"He fell fast asleep all in a minute," answered the girl cheerfully. "I guess he was just tired out."

"He's not ill?"

"I don't think so," interposed Simpson. "His wounds need attention, but I'll tend to them when we get back."

Preparations were quickly made, and in a few minutes the little band was moving slowly along the river's bank.

At the beginning of the ledge-path Nancy, who was leading, stopped short with a stifled cry.

"Quick, Sam!" she said to the boy who was just behind her. "What is that?"

The fire inside the cave threw out a faint glow, and in its light a huge black shape could be seen wavering uncertainly on the ledge. As the two watched, it fell on all-fours and ambled through the mouth of the cave.

Nancy put down the drowsy child she was carrying and turned quickly to the others.

"Wait here a moment!" she cried. "Sam and I will go down to the cave and see that everything is all right before you come."

Sam put down the packs he was carrying and followed Nancy without a word. She flew rather than walked down the dangerous ledge, careless of the slipping rocks and the treacherous, narrow places.

At the cave's mouth they stopped and looked in. The fire had died down to a dull glow, and in its light they saw the great shaggy form of a mountain bear, probably the mate of the dead one, sniffing over David's unconscious body!

TO BE CONTINUED

### Who Was He?

## The Man on a Horse

BORN in a Lincolnshire rectory in the third year of the eighteenth century, a relative of the great Duke of Wellington was destined to become of even greater and more lasting renown than the Duke.

After being educated at the famous Charterhouse School, in London, he went to Oxford, where he took his degree and became a Fellow of Lincoln College and a clergyman.

He had always been of a serious turn of mind, and two famous books had a great effect upon him. They were the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, and *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, by Bishop Jeremy Taylor. The young man became almost an ascetic, and when, after assisting his father for a time as curate, he returned to Oxford he, with his brother and a few like-minded friends, used to meet in one another's rooms to study divinity.

A little society was formed, and from such a small beginning one of the biggest movements and organisations that the world has known grew up, and is still flourishing today, not only in England but in America and many other parts of the world.

When he was 32 years old he went to America to preach to the settlers and Indians, and his meeting with a number of Moravian missionaries on board the vessel that carried him had a lasting effect on his life and character.

He returned to England and then paid a visit to Germany, where he met Count Zinzendorf, the head of the Moravian Church, and was introduced to a young Prussian prince, afterwards famous as Frederick the Great.

For a time the young clergyman worked with the Moravians, but later separated himself from them, and the rest of his life was spent in travelling about on horseback and preaching in his own country and writing religious books.

His whole life was one of almost unparalleled industry, energy, and zeal, and it has often been said that he transformed many parts of England where the masses of the people were little better than heathens in belief and savages in behaviour.

All through his long life, he kept a diary, and this has been published and is accessible to all. It is a wonderful record, and not only shows the remarkable character and industry of its writer, but gives a vivid picture of life in England in the eighteenth century.

At last, in his eighty-eighth year, he died, after a short illness at his house in London, and was buried in the burial-ground of a chapel which he had built and which is still the Mecca of his followers. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# The Darting Swallows Soar and Sing



## D! MERRYMAN

"WHY do people say 'As dead as a doornail'?" asked the simple one. "Why should a doornail be any deader than a door?" "Because it has been hit on the head, I suppose," replied the wag.

### Fortuay Winks

A YOUNG lady who stayed at Torquay  
Went to sleep in a chair by the suay,  
But a high tide soon rose  
To the tip of her nose,  
So she woke up and swam back to tuay.

### Is Your Name Guyatt?

THE names Guyatt and Wyatt have the same origin, and are both derived from the medieval Guyot, a diminutive form of the Christian name Guy, which means "sense." It was a name well known in early romance, and no doubt an ancestor of the Wyatts and Guyatts had this name, which was chosen because of some favourite hero in fiction or romance.

### Why is a watch like a river?

Because it will not run long without winding.

### Within the Law

JOHNNIE found the garden far too small for his activities, so he kept running out into an adjoining field. But Mother did not approve of this.

"Johnnie," she said, "if you go out of the gate again I shall be extremely annoyed."

An hour later Mother saw Johnnie in the field.

"It's all right, Mother," he called out. "I didn't go out of the gate. I climbed over the fence."

### A Hidden Word Puzzle



When placed in their correct order the initial letters of the words represented by these pictures will spell the name of an article of furniture. Can you find out what it is? *Solution next week*

WHAT motive led to the invention of railways? The locomotive.

### Speed

A MAN with a vivid imagination was boasting of the speed of some of the express trains he had ridden in. He said that he once went through a forest so quickly that it looked like one tree.

WHY have pianos such noble characters?

Because they are grand, upright, and square.

### A Postal Muddle



WHEN Snorum goes from home away,

He writes to Snip and Snap each day.

But postmen, when they're butterflyes,

Are careless, so mistakes arise.

Snip's letters often go to Snap,

And, by a similar mishap,

Most of Snap's letters end their trip

By misdelivery to Snip.

### Accuracy

A STOLID witness was being cross-examined.

"I think you said you drive a milk-cart," said the barrister.

"No, sir," replied the witness.

"But you led us to believe that," protested the barrister.

"No, sir."

"Then what do you do?"

"I drive a horse."

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in table but not in chair,

My second's in comb but not in hair,

My third is in pepper but not in salt,

My fourth is in error but not in fault,

My fifth is in Herbert and also in Bert,

My sixth is in collar but not in shirt,

My last is in sorrow but not in sigh,

My whole is a man of position high.

*Answer next week*

### Safety Last

A MAN was walking along the street when he met a friend with his arm in a sling and hobbling along with the aid of a stick.

"Hullo, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had fallen out of a window."

"No," said the unfortunate one, "it happened in this way. The other night after dark I was trying to cross the street through the traffic when I saw the headlights of two motor-cycles approaching. As I was in a great hurry I tried to dodge between the two motor-cycles, but then I found out that the two motor-cycles were really one motor-car."

### What Is It?

It is a duty both useful and necessary; it is esteemed a great virtue, but few possess it; it is found in the lower as well as the higher circles of life, and is often exhausted and as often renewed. Our sufferings are rendered lighter by it, and our trials are softened; it gives contentment to the mind and ease to the conscience, to the afflicted hope and to the mournful consolation. What is it? *Solution next week*

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? The letter I

Changing Heads

An—ban, can, fan, man, pan, ran, tan, van, wan, Dan.

Monograms of Towns Berwick, Malvern

## Jacko Goes to the Seaside

ONE morning the postman brought Mrs. Jacko a picture postcard from Monkeyville-on-Sea.

"Dear me! What a pretty view!" she said, putting on her glasses. Then she looked at the back to see who had sent it. It was from Belinda.

"Joe and I are having a lovely holiday here," she wrote. "Why don't you all come down for a week?"

Mrs. Jacko thought it a splendid idea. She said she hadn't seen the sea for a long time, and that it would do her a world of good.

Adolphus said it would do him a world of good, too. He thought of the promenade and the band, and how he would wear his white spats.

Jacko thought of the donkey rides, and the niggers on the sands, and the ice-cream barrows.

And Father Jacko thought of how much it would all cost. He said it was a preposterous idea, and that Belinda was mad. But in the end he bought himself a new Panama hat, and off they went.

It was a terrific business, getting off. Everybody remembered something at the last moment. But they got off at last—the whole family, including the dog—and caught the train with a minute to spare.

When they were all settled and Mrs. Jacko was fanning her scarlet face, Jacko noticed that Adolphus had disappeared. He didn't like being seen with a dog and a baby and all the



They got off at last

family luggage, and had got into a carriage by himself farther down the train.

As soon as the train was well on the way, Jacko went for a walk down the corridor to find where he was.

"Coo! What a sight!" he exclaimed, when he found the right carriage.

It was a sight, too. Adolphus had got the carriage to himself, and was sprawling in a corner with his legs stuck out so that everybody passing along the corridor could see his white spats. He had apparently gone to sleep, for his silk handkerchief was spread carefully over his face and he was making funny noises behind it.

The dog had followed Jacko along the corridor, and Jacko's eyes twinkled when they caught sight of him.

"Come here, Binks," he whispered.

He hunted in his pocket, and found a bit of string. Then he tied one end round Adolphus's legs, and the other to the dog's collar. Adolphus never stirred.

But when he joined his family again at Monkeyville station, he was in a fearful rage. Everybody was turning round to look at him because he hadn't been able to untie the string, and the dog was still tied to his legs so that he could hardly walk! And, what was more, he had had to pay for the dog when the inspector came round, as he couldn't produce a ticket!

## Ici on Parle Français



La terre La batte Le quai

La terre tourne autour du soleil  
Je porte une batte sur mon épaule  
Le navire est amarré au quai



Le phare Le mariage La cataracte

Le phare éclaire pendant la nuit  
Nous avons assisté à leur mariage  
J'admire la cataracte du Niagara

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	6904..7573..	3400..3579
Glasgow	2112..2149..	1168..1167
Manchester	1262..1266..	850..800
Dublin	855..764..	439..479
Edinburgh	683..711..	449..474
Swansea	245..274..	131..140
Coventry	186..205..	78..89
Ipswich	133..126..	52..48
York	121..116..	74..69
Exeter	79..81..	54..47
Chester	76..64..	34..44
Canterbury	38..45..	20..23

The four weeks are up to May 31, 1924

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Hide and Seek

THE children were wondering what they should do to amuse themselves.

"Let's play Rounders," said Jack.

"Touch Last," said Jim.

"Hide and Seek," said Jane.

Jane won because she was the youngest, so they played Hide and Seek with the summer-house as home.

Jack hid first and managed to get home safely because he had such long legs, and could run so fast.

Jim hid next, and Jack and Jane between them caught him crouching behind the nut trees.

Then it was Jane's turn.

She knew the boys would give her lots of time because she was the youngest and a girl. But Jane didn't like being "given chances." She made up her mind to find a really good hiding-place.

But it was easier said than done. They had played Hide and Seek so often that everyone knew the hiding-places.

She really didn't know where to hide, and at last, in desperation, she ran up to Bates, the gardener, who was mowing the lawn.

Bates scratched his head. He was very fond of Jane, though, as he said, he didn't care much about Hide and Seek, what with all the trampling over his flower-beds it generally led to.

Suddenly a broad smile crept over his face.

"See here, Missy," he said, "just you crouch down in my wheelbarrow and I'll cover you up with grass."

Jane clapped her hands with delight. She hopped into the barrow, and Bates heaped up the grass over her till she was



She ran up to Bates

covered from tip to toe, with just one tiny hole to see out of and breathe through.

And when the boys started their search all they saw was Bates mowing the lawn, and his barrow full of cut grass standing in the corner.

"My word! He's taken something off the lawn today," said Jim.

They looked everywhere for Jane. They had quite given her up when Bates wheeled up the barrow to the summer-house and out she jumped.

"You see, girls are quite as good as boys," said Jane, "if they haven't such long legs!"



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

June 28, 1924

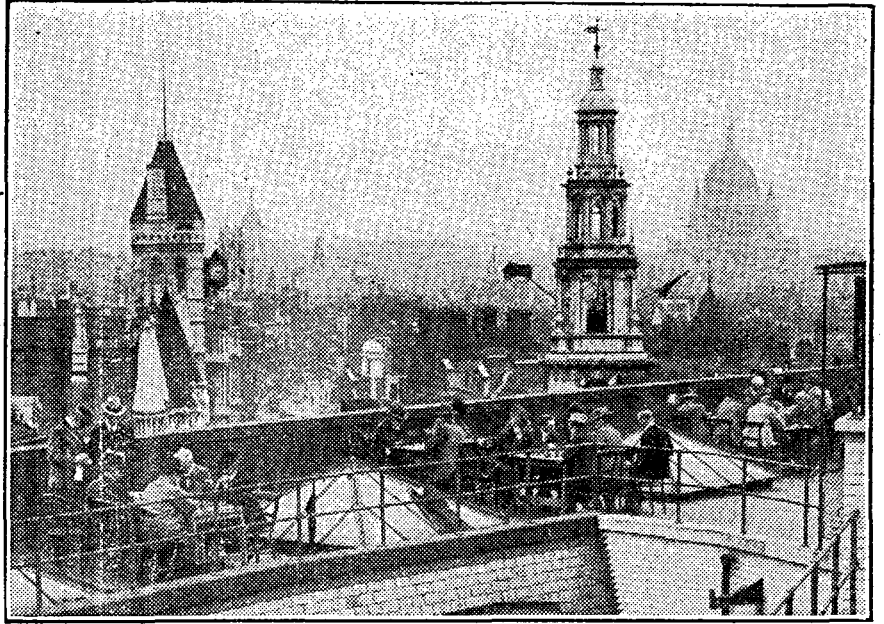
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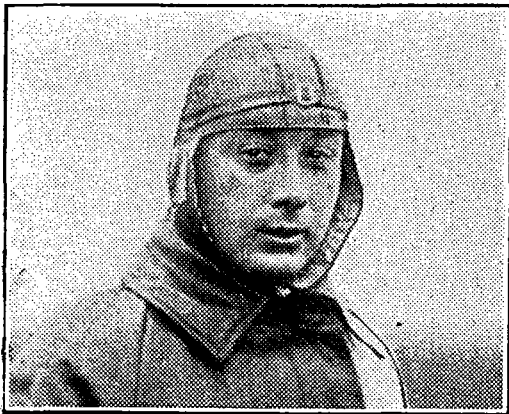
## BUILDING UP THE BEACH · CHESS ON THE ROOF · RAILWAY IN A PARK



**Making up the Beach for the Summer**—During the winter heavy seas washed away so much shingle from the beach at Southsea, that the Corporation had to restore it for the summer



**Chess on the Roof**—A chess match between Kent and the Civil Service being held on the roof of Australia House, in the Strand, from which a magnificent view of London is obtained



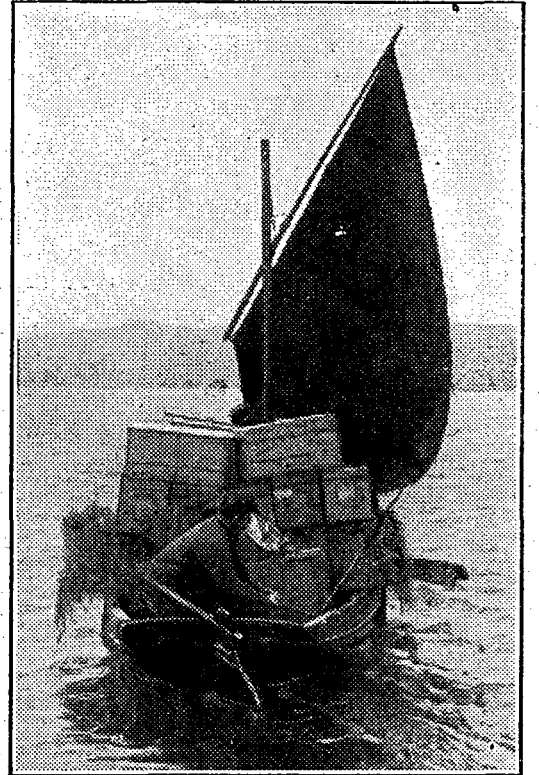
**Hero of the Great Flight**—Lieutenant Pelletier D'Oisy, the French airman, who has flown from Paris to Tokio, a distance of nearly 12,000 miles. See World Map



**A Railway in a Park**—The official inspection of the new light railway which has been constructed in Heaton Park, Manchester, to enable visitors to reach the centre of the park from the gates quickly and comfortably



**The Squirrel Eats His Lunch**—The squirrels in the parks of London and other big cities make themselves very much at home with visitors, and, like this little animal, which lives in Regent's Park, London, will often take their lunch while sitting on the head of some human friend



**Taking Supplies to Orkney**—This is how food supplies and letters reach many of the Orkney Islands, the small boat carrying them from the weekly mail boat. Cut off from the world the people welcome letters greatly



**Reading Model Yacht Lake**—Starting off a miniature man-of-war on the model yacht lake and paddling pond at Reading, which covers half-an-acre and has cost £2800. The lake was opened recently by the Mayor and will be very popular among the boys of the district



**Among the Rhododendrons**—The rhododendrons, which have presented a blaze of glory in Kew Gardens recently, have been visited by large numbers of people. At this time of year Kew rivals the Zoo as a place of popular resort, its show of colour being very beautiful indeed

## SOMETHING THAT RESISTS GOD—SEE THE REMARKABLE ARTICLE IN MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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